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POEMS.

W. M^c HUTCHISON





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P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM M'HUTCHISON,

AIRDRIE.



AIRDRIE:

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Author's Address.

It has been the invariable practice of most writers, in all times and ages, and under every variety of circumstance, in giving their productions to the world, to write a Dedication. It has occurred to me, in their doing so, that often under the mask of sincere and real friendship might be found some pecuniary or other selfish motive. To avoid this idea as much as possible in my particular case, I have refrained from writing one—heartily ignoring all such fashions and forms as being meaningless, and at best, quite useless, except for some such purpose.

However, I would humbly beg leave sincerely to thank

my fellow-townsmen and others, for their hearty response to my proposal of publication, in adhibiting their names as Subscribers for my present volume. I also feel truly grateful to those gentlemen who were holders of the Subscription Sheets, who used their time and influence to secure a sufficient number of Subscribers, so as to enable me to bring out the present edition of my Poems. Also, I must thank Dr. EATON, of Airdrie, for his assistance to me, in arranging and writing up the Manuscripts for the press.

In regard to the Poems themselves, the very writing of them acted as a panacea to me in many an hour of deep sorrow, and caused me to enjoy a pleasure I would otherwise never have felt; and one aim I have in publishing is, that it may act as a stimulant to some other over-wrought son of toil, to devote his spare moments to some such relaxation from the toils and cares of a workman's life.

In conclusion, I would have the public view them from this standpoint—namely, that they are the productions

of an uneducated working-man, and generously to say
with the Poet—

“Aiblins tho’ they mayna’ stan’ the test,
Wink hard, and say the chiel has dune his best.”

37 COMMONSIDE STREET,

AIRDRIE, *December, 1868.*

Preface.

THE following Poems are the productions of a self-educated working man, composed during his spare moments. They are always brief and emphatic—are invariably the result of some passing scene or circumstance in his experience, and, with few exceptions, have been unpremeditated. Carefully perused, they will be found to contain a faithful account of the author's circumstances, thoughts, sympathies, and aspirations; and apart altogether from their intrinsic literary merit, manly dignity of sentiment, and patriotic spirit—their melting pathos, occasional humour and satire, and genuine sympathy for the labouring classes—they will be found to possess a peculiar interest, especially to natives of the Monklands.

Here, many of the scenes familiar to us are embodied in simple and expressive language--many old memories we would not willingly let die are stereotyped in beautiful and harmonious verse--many of our local worthies are brought prominently before us, and stories of our fathers' time—always fraught with interest from their tender associations—are told in a simple and delightful style. We have no hesitation in saying that this is a volume which every native of the Monklands, here or elsewhere, ought to possess.

The majority of these Poems have already appeared separately in our local journals, but there are several in this collection which are quite recent, and have never before been printed. From the desultory and almost extemporaneous manner of their composition, and the great variety of subjects they embrace, they are of very unequal merit. Of the authorship of some of them—such as “The wee Empty Chair,” “Airdrie aul’ North Burn,” “A Mornin’ Lesson frae the Book o’ Nature,” “Mither an’ Bairn,” “The Poor Man’s Grave,” “The Wallace Monument,” &c.—the majority of men might well be

proud, though some of the others are not so meritorious. What we mean to insist upon is this : not that the book is faultless, but that its general merit and local interest are so great that it certainly deserves to be preserved.

The author is a respectable man, a native of Airdrie, and one who has hitherto, in no small degree, contributed to our amusement by his writings. His ability is considerable—he has an intense love for, and a just appreciation of poetry—and his intellectual attainments are, undoubtedly, above the average of working men. Should he attain a position in literature, it will shed a halo around the place of our birth. We, therefore, think it is a sacred duty, due to him, our native place, and ourselves, to assist our fellow-townsmen in his praiseworthy career.

We feel confident this book will, at least, prove an interesting, amusing, and instructive volume. Should it only be the means of raising the author's social position, our labour will not have been in vain; and should it establish his fame as a Scottish Poet, our joy will be

unbounded. We desire neither to boast nor cringe. The author's educational and other advantages have certainly been few, but his reputation as a Poet must depend entirely on the merit of his book. We wish it to stand upon no other basis; and with these desultory remarks, beg now to leave the estimation of it with an appreciative and indulgent public.

J. E.

AIRDRIE, *October*, 1868.

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P O E M S.

AIRDRIE AUL' NORTH BURN.

STRANGE that the pleasant task should fa'

Tae feckless hauns like mine,

Tae tell about the Aul' North Burn

In days o' aul' langsyne.

Tae sing that spot o' youthfu' joys

Nane has a better richt;

I've row'd upon its flow'ry braes

Frae day's first blink till nicht;

An' listen'd tae the blackie's sang,
Amang the hazels green ;
An' fish'd for days in Bailie's Plum,
Big bairdocks wi' a preen ;
An' climb'd the rose an' woodbine steep
Ca'd Jeanie Taylor's Brae ;
Whar redbreasts sang, an' tittie's built,
An' bees humm'd a' the day.

On sunny afternoons we swam
In Maggie Ramsay's Linn,
Whar stood the Witch's Whinstane Chair
That rockit wi' the win' ;
An' Maggie's Bed, an' Maggie's Cups,
As sage traditions tell—
She held tea-parties wi' the deil
An' witches like hersel'.

That was yae spot we laddies left
Whan it grew gloamin' grey ;
We heard Mag whurrin' 'mang the whins
An' bushes on the brae.

But monie a moonlicht game we play'd,
Nane fear'd for Maggie's spell,
At tigg, upon the smooth green grass,
Beside the Aul' Wee Well.

But Time, wi' magic wand, has swept
Across this fairy scene ;
An' these lov'd spots hae pass'd awa
As they had never been.
Still monie a heart far, far awa
Can tell ilk nook an' turn—
In fancy aftimes join the sports
By Airdrie Aul' North Burn.

THE WEE EMPTY CHAIR.

AT the side o' the fire stauns a wee empty chair,
An' the ane wha ance sat in't will sit in't nae mair ;
That heav'nly flow'r noo lies cauld in the grave,
A' her life I aye lo'ed her aboon a' the lave.

When the wild flow'rs o' simmer in beauty do bloom,
I think o' my flow'ret wha sleeps in the tomb ;
When the day's toil is o'er my heart's aften sair
Tae see at the fireside her wee empty chair.

I can still hear the voice that lisped my name—
See the form that aye met me whane'er I cam' hame,
An' her licht soundin' footsteps that ran ower the floor,
An' the wee hauns that clung tae the wee empty chair.

In winter, when lang an' frosty are nights—
When the blue sky's bespangled by heav'n's ain lights—
I think that my bairnie's blest spirit's up there,
Smiling doon on her playmates aroun' her wee chair.

When bleak autumn comes wi' his rude surly blast,
When I see orphan bairnies uncared for gaun past—
Pale, shiv'rin', an' hungry, an' ragged an' bare,
Makes me feel't as a blessin'—her wee empty chair.

Nor hunger nor cauld, noo, can e'er reach my bairn,
She's gane 'mang the blest, the new sang to learn;
When I think o' the joy an' pleasure she'll share,
I feel quite resign'd wi' the wee empty chair.

A MORNIN' LESSON FRAE THE BOOK O'
NATURE.

THE day is a-breakin'; the wee birds are wakin'

Frae their beds 'mang the leaflets, in wild wood and
glen;

The laverock up springin', in the breakin' clud singin'—

The wee birds are happy; ay, mair sae than men.

As day is advancin', tiny insects are dancin',

In thousan's they sport 'boon the close-brambled den;

Morn's beauties are comin', the wild bee is hummin'—

The insects are happy; ay, mair sae than men.

'Mang heather-bells blawin' the muircock is crawin'

Tae his dew-sprinkled mate, on yon scroggie fen;

In the mornin's sun gleamin' the peesweep is screamin'—

The wild birds are happy; ay, mair sae than men.

Then man wake frae slumber, len' an ear tae the number
That warble ye lessons frae wild wood an' glen;
The laverock adorin', near Heaven's gate soarin',
Is a heavenward lesson, and beacon tae men.

But man's aye found scornin' sic lessons frae mornin',
Frae the bee learn industry: 'tis needed ye ken;
Drink deep at this fountain, the birds o' the mountain
Warble lessons o' wisdom and profit tae men.

The wee insects dancin', in the sunbeams advancin'—
Short-liv'd is their sport 'boon the close-brambled
den—

Teach a lesson worth treasure tae lovers o' pleasure,
Tae the giddy, the sportive, and thoughtless 'mang
men.

An' the muircock's rude crawin' 'mang heather-bells
blawin',

Aye sae true tae his mate on yon scroggie fen,
Micht learn men a lesson would e'en prove a blessin'
Tae some: ah! tae monie—ower monie 'mang men.

ON THE DEATH OF A ROBIN.

THE robin sang on the leafless thorn,
His sang was a sorrowfu' strain :
For the wild flow'rs deid, an' simmer fled,
An' winter come again.

The storm cluds hung i' the angry lift,
The win' moan'd eerie and strang,
The blin'in' snawdrift flew on the blast,
But still the robin sang.

The hoody crow had a dismal scraigh
As he waded the snaw amang ;
An' heard was the dykie's mournfu' chirp,
But still the robin sang.

The wee blue yaup shook its restless wings,
As on the snaw-bent twig he swang ;
The blackie, mute, happit about,
But still the robin sang.

Yellow yeldrocks crowded roun' the door,
Through the snaw-wreaths the maukin sprang,
An' the mavis grey forgot her lay,
But still the robin sang.

The day wore on, and the snell north win
Then her frosty cov'rin' flang ;
Still 'mid the storm, though hid his form,
Was heard the robin's sang.

His sang is past ; laid low by the blast,
Nae mair will he sing in the storm ;
For mornin' saw on the frozen snaw
The robin's lifeless form.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

KEEN withering storms sweep o'er the poor man's lot
On life's rough sea, till lost in midnight gloom
Hope dies. He sinks amid the waves, forgot,
And steals unnoticed to the friendly tomb.
Tho' all the powers were centred in his soul
That e'er adorn'd the mind, yet wanting gold
Not one laments his fate—he's reach'd his goal,
Gone and forgotten as a tale that's told.

The rich man dies, and friends are bathed in tears ;
The bells, in measur'd strokes, emit one tone ;
The veriest fool their language knows, nor fears
To tell their meaning out—a rich man's gone !

And man embalms his memory and name,

For what? For deeds of charity untold?—

For wisdom? No. Gold purchased all his fame;

For him no tears had been—but he had gold.

Such homage stops not with the rich man's breath,

For mark, his massive gates are open'd wide;

The fun'ral train moves to the home of death,

Ranks press on ranks, as swells the flowing tide.

The tomb is reach'd: a gorgeous resting-place,

Where chisel's art has cut his praise in stone;

The sable throng now wipe the eye, the face;

And why? The bells reply—a rich man's gone!

No costly sculpture decks the poor man's grave,

Nor stone nor line informs the passer-by

The tenant of this ground was gen'rous, brave—

Within this spot an honest man does lie.

As was his life, so is his bed of rest;

The heedless crowd there tread the wild flow'r's root,

Which bloom nor blossom 'bove the poor man's breast,

For even in death he's trodden under foot.

AIRDRIE GREENHOUSE JUBILEE.

Tune—Burns' Fareweel tae Tarbolton Lodge.

DEAR brethren, roun' this festive board

We're met as brethren aye should be;

Here hate, here discord canna come

Whaur a' is love and harmony.

Let sang, let sentiment abound,

O' friendship, love, and gard'nery;

Be jub'lant ev'ry social soul

This nicht—THE GREENHOUSE JUBILEE.

When daddy Adam got comman'

Tae keep and dress ilk flower and tree,

Aul' Eden's plants thrive 'neath his haun'

When he was learn't Free Gard'nery.

Then shout an' sing in truth an' love,
Lift up your hearts in mirth an' glee :
This is a nicht lang, lang we'll min'—
The Airdrie Greenhouse Jubilee.

We'll no forget yae brither here,
But drink his health in three-times-three ;
Our wives an' wee bit tender sprouts,
True offspring o' Free Gard'nery.

An' noo, yae tear for brithers gane
Frae this bleak warl' and troubles free ;
We houp they learnt that sacred word,
The passport tae heaven's jubilee.

THE ORPHAN LADDIE.

USE that laddie kin'ly, his folk are a' deid,
The strong arm's noo powerless that wrought for his
bread,

An' the hearts that sae lo'ed him are beatin' nae mair,
'Neath that green grassy hillock—they're baith lying
there.

That wee laddie's faither, whose life is untold,
Had the mind o' the mighty, the heart o' the bold;
An' the ashes o' her that lies by his side
Was for beauty an' worth the hale village pride.

He's aften alane, on their green grave he'll lie,
His red lips apart, an' look up tae the sky;
Ye would think by the tears that rin frae his ee,
He's lookin' at something nae ither can see.

His pale cheeks get flush'd, he'll mutter an' stare,
As faither or mither or some yin were there ;
Hope glows on his brow, tho' it's sickly an' wan,
As he boasts what he'll be if he were a man.

Wha kens but the laddie, if spared, when a man,
Wi' heroes o' Scotland may yet lead the van ;
Like our Campbell's or Moore's, that wee laddie's name
May rank wi' the first in the annals o' fame.

Then, oh ! use him kin'ly, his folk are a' deid,
The strong arm's noo powerless that wrought for his
bread,
An' the hearts that sae lo'ed him are beatin' nae mair,
'Neath that green grassy hillock—they're baith lying
there.

AIRDRIE AULD CHAPEL BELL.

Written 1861.

AUL' steeple, fareweel, whar sae lang I hae hung,
Never mair will ye echo the tones o' my tongue ;
But I'm like monie mae, I've seen better days,
When my tongue only waggit for prayer an' praise.
True, then, tho' respeckit, I nicht want the merit—
The weight, size, and metal that some bells inherit—
Since aul' Peter dee't I've ne'er been used as I should,
Still I did till my outmaist the best way I could :
Aye ready, aye willin' whan Sabbath cam' roun'
Tae wauken the sleepin' frae bed wi' my soun'.
Ay! monie a yin's caul' noo in death that could tell
Hoo they likit the soun' o' the Aul' Chapel Bell—
Hoo they min't o' a time there was nane but mysel',
Then Airdrie was proud o' its Aul' Chapel Bell.

Since I was hung up some sad changes I've seen,
Owre the aul' residenters the turf's growin' green :
I've seen the young maid in her beauty an' pride
Wi' her lover laid low in the grave, side by side ;
An' the sire o' the village, wi' locks white an' hoar ;
An' the mither entomb'd wi' the infant she bore.
I've seen the big merchant an' proud haughty laird
Laid aside the puir man in the Aul' Chapel yard.
Thae sad changes I've seen, an' mae I might tell
(I ne'er thocht sic a change would come on a bell.)
Surely frien's are a' gane when you're forced tae sell
Sic a faithfu' aul' frien' as the Aul' Chapel Bell—
Whan I think on the time there was nane but mysel',
It brings tears tae the ee o' the Aul' Chapel Bell.

Whan Joseph held forth wi' his eloquent tongue,
Three times ev'ry Sabbath aul' Peter me rung ;
My voice was the warnin', my tones gave the word :
Assemble ye people tae worship the Lord.
Then the Bailies an' Provost in state did appear,
Wi' Geordie in front wi' a glitterin' spear—
A terror tae a' evil-doers they stood,

A praise an' protection tae them that were guid.
Oh! 'thae were the days, as plenty can tell,
Some attention was paid tae the Aul' Chapel Bell.
Surely frien's are a' gane whan you're forced tae sell
Me, your faithfu' aul' frien', the Aul' Chapel Bell.

Alas! Finlayson dee't, an' as win' scatters caff,
The flock were dispers'd—e'en the Council fell aff;
Tho' that be the truth, I've thocht whiles tae mysel',
It's no fair for't a' thus tae sleight the aul' bell.
Noo the refuge o' sparrows, an' starlings, an' bats—
The sanctuary's sell is a depot o' cats;
Is there nae frien'ly haun left in Airdrie tae quell
Sic shockin' disgrace tae the Aul' Chapel Bell?
But wharever my tones on mornin's breeze swell,
I would like still the name o' the Aul' Chapel Bell.
This was heard frae the steeple, as at midnight it fell,
It seem'd tae move heart an' tongue o' the Aul' Chapel
Bell.

LINES

In remembrance of the late JOHN HERBERT, Esq. Surgeon,
Airdrie, who died 29th March, 1864.

THAT requiem bell gives forth its mournful tone,
Informing us another lov'd one's gone ;
Reminding us of hearts bereav'd and sore—
Reminding us of him whose task is o'er—
It tells, alas ! that HERBERT is no more !

Esteem'd for knowledge, probity, and skill ;
Though dire contagion rag'd, his duties still
He did perform. Hatred to none he bore ;
But wisdom drew from depths of time-earn'd lore
For other's good—he who is now no more.

For him the budding spring now smiles in vain—
In vain for him now blooms the daisied plain—
In vain for him the morning larks now soar—
He's gone ! and many hearts his loss deplore,
And sadly mourn that HERBERT is no more !

The sable train moves on ; no mimic show
Of grief is there, but there the keenest woe
For him, respected one, now gone before ;
Their anguish'd manly hearts, from inmost core,
Let fall the tear that HERBERT is no more !

Peace to his ashes ! may his bed of rest
With tears of pure affection oft be blest—
A spot where mortals to immortals soar.
Now may his noble soul have reach'd that shore
Where tears, where death, where parting is no more.

THE WORKING MAN.

UNTOLD neglect attends the poor hard-working man.

Tell us, ye mighty ones! is it a sin to toil?

If this neglect's unmerited, then lead the van

To teach Industry's sons to labour and to smile.

The morning of his life is spent in home obscure,

The rich man passing shuns it as a pest'lence dire;

And why? The tenants of that wretched spot are poor—

Hereditary poor—bequeath'd to son by sire.

Yet there may dwell a Milton, whose gigantic mind

Could paint the hellish squadron's warrings and defeat;

Or there a Newton dwells, whose mighty soul's confin'd,

The laugh, the sport of some proud worldling's self-conceit;

Or there a Ferguson, a Tannahill, a Thom,

A Hogg, whose soul's poetic flame illum'd a world ;
Bright gems like these have bloom'd within the poor
man's home,

Tho' envy, pride, position, pow'r, 'gainst them were
hurl'd.

Then lift your sweating brow, despis'd hard-working
man,

And know that tho' ye're doom'd to bear life's
weight'est load,

To toil—primeval blight falls like on cot and throne,

None are exempted from that curse pronounc'd by
God.

As was his morn of life, so is his noon o'ercast

By tempests, storm, and clouds surcharg'd with ruin,
fear ;

He strives, contends : but sinks a shatter'd wreck at
last—

No hand is stretch'd to save—none shed a farewell
tear.

Thus sets his sun in night : oh ! what a dismal close !

Low taunts are now in vain—his task's come to an
end.

Death comes—the panacea to the poor man's woes—

The rich man's sternest foe is thus the poor man's
friend.

CHURCHYARD MUSINGS.

No. I.

There is a voice in stream, in stone, in cairn,
From which the wise may wisdom learn.

PASSING a pauper's grave—a grassless mound—
Below the cold wet earth we heard a sound !
Yes ; we heard a voice from that grassless heap,
Like the voice of a man who wakes in sleep.
Low it murmuring said—" One moment stay,
And list to a tale from the lifeless clay.

" Through clouds of sorrow, and 'midst show'rs of tears
I lived, despised and shunned :—so passed my years.
In youth no mother soothed me when I cried—
Alas ! in giving birth to me she died.

Thus helpless, friendless, cast on life's rough wave,
While she, the best of mothers, found a grave.

I had two sisters, all their mother's pride,
Laid low—sweet little flowers sleep by her side.
My father ! where was he ? alone God knows—
She breathed his name ere death her eye did close ;
But I have heard those who then liv'd relate,
A mystery dark and deep hangs o'er his fate.
'Tis better far his end should be concealed
In night, than aught revolting be revealed.

“ But time wore on, and I, far, far from home,
On ocean's crested waves, 'mid spray and foam,
Laugh'd at the storm, and dash'd 'mong Britain's foes,
And prayed for death to terminate my woes.
The death I sought came not ; would I had died—
Would that no hand had stemm'd my streaming side !
Then I had fallen with my comrades brave,
Who fought and bled, and sleep in ocean cave.

“ They bound my wounds : I lived ; by life accurs'd,

I, who alone sought death, they car'd for, nurs'd ;
With many death-like scars from foeman's brand,
Maim'd, poor, and friendless, sought my native land.
My native land, what memories wake in thee !
Thy name oft nerv'd my arm by land and sea ;
Return'd to thee, an old lame beggar now—
Such were the laurels that bedeck'd my brow.

“ Despised and mock'd, as charity I sought—
' Old Tar,' reap the reward for which you fought ;
Though bold you fought, and bled among the brave,
Go to the poorhouse—fill a pauper's grave !

“ 'Twas there I died ; nor sigh nor tear was shed,
Nor friend stood near the warrior pauper's bed.
Nightly my restless soul roams round this spot,
Where sleeps my name unhonoured and forgot.' ”
The voice was hush'd—the old man's tale was told—
We touch'd the earth, which still seem'd wet and cold ;
One tear we shed, one parting sigh we gave,
And left the hero's and the pauper's grave.

CHURCHYARD MUSINGS.

No. II.

Now let us pause beside that verdant spot,
No pauper's grave unhonour'd and forgot.
'Tis said, oft in the dewy twilight there
The ev'ning breezes waft a mother's prayer,
And oft when night profound o'er Nature steals,
Beside that silent grave that mother kneels.
One other look we take before we pass—
A tablet there informs us who he was.

The ashes of a first-born son lie there,
Entomb'd beneath that grassy heap;
He told us ere death closed his eye,
'Twas there he wished to sleep.

We think we see him now : his curling hair,
His snow-white brow, and manly breast,
His rosy cheek, and light blue eye—
But no : that form's at rest.

In op'ning manhood suddenly laid low,
Possess'd of health and youth's fair bloom ;
Next moment struck the fatal bolt
That laid him in the tomb.

Oh ! what a flood of grief o'erwhelm'd our soul,
That hour we learn'd his fate to mourn ;
And here our tears commingling oft
Bedew his grassy urn.

Sleep on, beloved one, and may thy soul,
Now wash'd, with ransom'd ones be blest ;
A few short years your parents shall
Be partners of your rest.

This blessed hope forbids the tears to flow
For those, who gone before, we love ;
All those who have that heav'nly gift
Shall find a home above !

THE BANNER OF BLOOD.

Addressed to Mr WILLIAM MAIN, Gushet-House, Airdrie, the
possessor of the relics referred to in the poem.

SIR,—Proud may you be of that trophy of old—
That banner of blood with the motto in gold :
“For Christ’s crown and cov’nant”—now aged and
worn,

’Mid the fight by the hands of the faithful ’twas borne,
And it wav’d o’er our fathers, leal-hearted and bold,
That old banner of blood, with the motto in gold.

In those days of peril, of torture, of blood,
When caves and the moors were the home of the good—
When Clavers the fires of destruction had hurl’d
Over Scotland. Our fathers that banner unfurl’d,
Whose red blood-spots the value to ages have told
Of that banner of blood, with the motto in gold.

And proud may you be of the sword and the spear—
The arms of the mighty must ever be dear ;—
But dearer those weapons our fathers have used
When the bloodhounds our kirk and our country abused :
They were bathed in the blood of the foemen of old,
'Round that banner of blood, with the motto in gold.

And well may the sons of such fathers be proud
To tell of their deeds, their contendings to blood ;
They came with their lives, with their fortunes and all,
Beneath that banner of blood to conquer or fall.
Our lov'd Scotland yet boasts of brave sons as of old,
Who would fight 'neath that banner and motto in gold.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

COME, ask that aged sire, whose hairs are silv'ring white,
Of youthful scenes and joys and childhood's years;
Oh! how those hallow'd hours make aged eyes look
bright,
Time-honour'd lips oft mention them in tears.
The hearth, the home of youth, where boyhood's days
were spent,
Where all was love, untainted with a sigh;
When to our ev'ry wish a mother's ear was lent—
But these—like things of time—but bloom'd to die.
Still mem'ry treasures up with miser hand and care,
Within her inmost core those golden hours
Wherever spent; it matters little whence or where—
'Midst city life, 'midst Nature's rural bowers.

Answer, proud sceptic ! Tell where do those mem'ries
sleep,

Thus unimpair'd within the human mind ;
Reflection here finds proof by those impressions deep
That the mind's immortal—God-like—unconfined.

We view back, through the vista of departed years.

At will can conjure up each schoolmate's look ;
The master's dreadful frown and voice ; the scholar's
fears

When caught in fault, neglecting task and book ;
The sunny afternoons, unkerchief'd and unshod,
With baited pin we fished the minnow pool ;
Or nesting, wildly ran through Gallowhill's dark wood,
Unmindful of to-morrow's task or school ;

Or roving on the tangled steeps of Verter Braes,
Through bracken, brier, and broom, and heather-bell,
Pulling the bramble-berries, hazel-nuts, and slaes,
Beyond the hawthorn tree above the well.

The well, the hawthorn tree, have long since pass'd away,
Yet still they live within that old man's breast,

Remember'd better far than things of yesterday—

At eventide they sooth'd his soul to rest.

Yes ; he is gone : he died beside his youthful home—

Speak out, and say will all those memories die ;

Methinks the disembodied spirit oft will roam

Around such scenes, unseen by mortal eye.

Answer, proud sceptic ! then, where do those memories
sleep,

Thus unimpair'd within the human mind ;

Reflection here finds proof by those impressions deep,

That th' soul's immortal—God-like—unconfined.

AIRDRIE PAST AND PRESENT.

Written in 1858.

HEARKEN, ye Airdrie bodies a',
Wha kent our toon whan it was sma' ;
It's no noo as it was ava
 Since ye'll hae min',
We kent maist ev'ry face we saw,
 Their kith an' kin.

Then ilka neighbour was a brither
That loed an' trusted, felt for ither,
Wha didna need tae staun an' swither,
 But freely spak ;
But noo they'd cheat their very mither—
 The mongrel pack.

Our ev'ry way an' wark's corrup'tit,
Honour an' sense hae flown, by whuppit,
An' ev'ry ill that's out's been gruppit

The guid tae tine,
The very root o' truth is grubbed
Sin' days ye'll min'.

Whan fairs cam roun', the Airdrie chieels
Each took his lassie tae the reels,
Threw aff their coats, an' made their heels
Crack in the air ;

Ilk house resoundin' wi' their squeels
On Airdrie fair.

Neist, punds o' sweeties, siller's warein',
Ilk lassock's droon'd wi' show'rs o' fairin' ;
But mornin' peeps, they're hameward pairin',
Then blinks o' bliss.

The aul' wife's haun' they put a share in,
Her flyte tae miss.

Neist day in happy groups they're crackin',
They're a' a day o' pleasure takin' ;

Bands o' lads an' lasses walkin'—

Jinket is care.

That was the way they spent the backin'

O' Airdrie fair.

But noo our toon's in sic a state—

Guid help the wight that wan'ers late,

Smash frae skull-cracker is his fate,

Or a knock doon.

Tae settle scores this is the gate

Ta'en in our toon.

An' whan they hae a ball or spree,

Nae kin'ly feelin's in their ee,

They wind it up wi' a *melee*—

Ilk ane gets licket—

The doup o' social frien'ly glee

They've fairly kicket.

But warst o' a', on Sabbath noo,

Scores slunge about dirty an' fou';

The game's begun, the gents in blue

Snitcher a squad,

An' glaur an' shuagh they drag them through,
Roarin', tae quod.

We've lots o' schules—the best o' teachin',
An' ministers far-famed for preachin',
What sairs their faithfu' feight an' fleachin'—
They've lost comman' ;
A flood o' moral ill is streachin'
O'er a' the lan'.

The court day's come, the bell is rung—
See! what a batch o' aul' an' young ;
Crimes are made out that ance would hung
Them on a wuddie ;
Quite common noo tae steals ane's spung
An' lea' them bluidy.

Rest ye a wee, the court's near through,
We'll hear the speech o' Justice Loo ;
Hear hoo he blatters at the crew
About repentance,
While guinea fines are boundin' noo
His ev'ry sentence.

Hoo diff'rent was our faithers' time,
They feltna then the curse o' crime ;
On Sabbath morn the heartfelt hymn
Tae plaintive air
Was heard, their souls arose sublime
In fervent prayer.

Thae holy scenes hae quickly past,
An' ills on ills hae thicken'd fast ;
But juist as calm succeeds the blast,
So may this gloom
O' vice an' crime get a dooncast,
An' virtue bloom.

AIRDRIE PRESENT.

Written in 1862.

AUL' Airdrie noo may hing her heid,
Her day o' sorrow's come indeed,
A time was whan she took the lead
For meat and wark;
But noo her siller's scarce, an' bread,
An' prospects dark.

Her seams o' coal an' airn are failin'—
Her sons tae ither lan's are sailin'—
Her shops are shut, the beagles nailin'
Puir bodies a';
Some think that noo she's past a' healin',
An' doom'd tae fa'.

We've rulers plenty—clever men—
Ye'll speak o' naething but they ken ;
At feed or spree they'll keep their ben—
 There's F. and Johnnie,
Wha'll sit an' sip—yes, till amen,
 We trow wi' ony.

There's J. an' D. an' double U.—
Three gash aul' chieles, leal-hearted, true—
They'll lay about till a' be blue
 At council dinners ;
But for the toon they'll naething do,
 Close-fisted sinners.

What may the upshot be ere lang,
If things at this rate farer gang ;
We would advise some, right or wrang,
 Tae tak' a hint,
Or monie a jybin', jeerin' sang
 They'll see in print.

There's some here yet hae siller 'bout them
Wha sae it's scarce, but fac' we doubt them,

Micht tak' their guineas an' lay out them,
An' something try;
If no, we wish Aul' Clouts may clout them
For't, hip an' thigh.

For here juist noo are hunners starvin',
A very different fate deservin':
It disna tak' a 'cute observin'
Tae fin' this out.

Oh! that some power would put some nerve in
Things here about.

A short time since there was a din
That Airdrie lassocks flax would spin,
The young chiels, strippit tae the skin,
Would learn tae puddle;
But it ended whar it did begin,
In smoke an' fuddle.

If ony sin's waur than anither,
There's yin waur than them a' thegither—
The sin that shuts the heart 'gainst brither
Whan in distress;

The way folk here use yin anither,
Is gey like this.

Ye wha hae wealth, an' hoard it by,
An' shut your ear tae misery's sigh,
May sigh yoursel' yet—loudly cry,
An' nane will hear,
An' fin' an ear shut by-an'-bye,
As yours was here.

So for your interest there an' here,
Befrien' the puir, uphaud an' cheer
The sufferin' anes, an' dry the tear
O' the neglected,
Ye'll live an honour'd man and dear,
An' dee respected.

An' when ye're laid in death's lone yaird,
The sacred spot a' will regard,
Wi' sorrow's tears bedew the swaird
Around your tomb;
Your name shall live while mem'ry's spar'd,
An' verdant bloom.

THE AULD MONKLAND KIRK AN' PARISH,

With a population of 16,000 souls, over whose temporal and spiritual interests only four persons take watch.

“Oh, what a parish! Oh, what a parish!

Oh, what a parish was Little Dunkel'!

Whar they hang'd the minister, drown'd the precentor,

Tore doon the steeple, an' fuddled the bell!”

WHA kens na that kirk—the Auld Monkland Kirk—

Tho' its wa's noo are bare, grim, an' hoary;

The tongue o' its bell, if it likit, could tell

'Bout monie a debauch an' queer story.

For whan Sacraments cam, buns an' yill, an' the dram

Were ca'd in, an' devour'd by the thousan' ;

There the aul' an' the young gat firm on the bung—

There the saunt an' the sinner sat bousin'.

On Saturday nicht, e'en wi' candle licht,
For the morn the aul' tent they're erectin' ;
In the midst o' the steer, the hubbub an' beer,
The aul' minister, John's, seen directin'.
Wha's ever been here they'll ken we're nae lee'r,
Tho' some facts out o' monie we venture :
In Mrs. D——p's, whar they guzzled their saps,
They've been kent tae encore the precentor,
An' curse an' comment on Hugh in the tent—
Hear him noo ! Hugh's noo daein' fairish ;
He is noo giein't vent, and cryin' repent—
Hip, hurrah ! for the Auld Monkland Parish.
Thae days noo are gane—the priest noo his lane,
Wi' the help o' three ithers, can manage
A' Sabbath affairs, the kirk, its repairs—
That's a proof o' the power o' this gran' age.
Should a sinner get cur'd, or a member get floor'd,
Thae four meet tae discuss't wi' decorum ;
The parish should ken there are four siccan men,
The warl' couldna produce sic a quorum.
They form the Session—ilk fault an' transgression

They absolve or retain—noo, dinna glowr ;
They condemn or acquit, juist on the bit—
They're really an' truly a marvellous four.

I hae nae intention farer tae mention

Their labours o' love, their goodness, their power ;
Sae here tae conclude, I think ilk ane should
Admire an' respeck sic a wonderfu' four.

THE NEW MONKLAND KIRK.

Sent in 1837 to JAMES THOMSON, a comrade, who had been ill some time, and was not expected to recover.

DEAR FRIEN',—I'm vex'd that you're sae ill;
Had I the power as I've the will,
I'd mak ye hale, an' stap a quill
Intae your paw;
Tae write a verse tae your frien', Will,
Or maybe twa.

Ye ken it is my heart's desire
Tae see ye ance mair by the fire,
Screedin' at your hamely lyre
Wi' a' your micht;
Divertin' me, yoursel', an' sire,
Through winter's nicht.

But pleasant days o' simmer's comin' ;
Wi' you I'd like tae spend a gloamin',
Tae view the weel-kent fiel's by Common,
 An' hear the sang
O' e'ening birds, an' wild bees hummin'
 The wuds amang.

Tae wan'er by yon murmurin' rill
That keeps the howe ayont Whitehill,
Then through the wuds by Gallowhill,
 Syne east by Jack's,
Whar fock on Sabbath tak their yill,
 Their clash an' cracks.

Tae tell hoo Sabbaths there were spent
I'd really maist my pen prevent ;
Hoo kintra clashes underwent
 A scrutiny sair.
For Tam's yill gied tae each a vent,
 An' sometimes mair.

I've seen't—shame fa't!—at mid-day skale,
The lads amang the lasses wale,

Like bairns on Halloween, the kail
For a straught shank.
But rather than rehearse the tale,
I'll leave a blank.

* * * * *

The left lot 'mang the gravestanes gauntin',
'Twas eas'ly seen what was a-wantin':
An hour or maybe twa's gallantin'
Wi' some puir fallow;
I've seen me fear't for a' their sauntin'
O' what nicht fallow.

I like the Doctor, tho' he's auld,
He rattles through't wi' style sae bauld;
An' tho' the day be ne'er sae cauld,
I'm here ilk Sunday;
Altho' it's true I've sometimes crawl'd
Hamewards on Monday.

The reason's clear, we meet sae monie,
Crackin' tales an' jokes sae funny;

An' then Tam's yill's like ony honey
Or stolen water,
We sit an' crack tae please some cronie,
An' hear the clatter.

The dram, at first in moderation,
Freer gets in circulation;
Some ane starts a botheration
'Bout warks an' faith,
Or rails against the separation,
Till out o' breath.

Amidst their pious-drunk reflection,
The crownin' topic o' inspection,
The knotty subject o' election,
An' God's decrees:
That's ane that's sure aye o' dissection
At a' their spreeds.

The truth tae tell, 'tween you an' me,
Sic clashin', drinkin', shouldna be;
I hate their vile hypocrisy;
I wish you better—
I wish you health an' honesty.
Here ends my letter.

ADDRESS TO THE COUNCILLORS OF THE
BURGH OF AIRDRIE.

Written 1865.

YE councillors, round our civic chair,
Wha's pledg'd tae get it fill'd ance mair
By our aul' frien' o' hoary hair—

O dae tak tent,
For a' their plottin', skill, an' care,
Ye micht repent.

Their plans are laid tae keep out Matt,
But we would like tae ken for what;
He has as lang in council sat
As whiglin' frien'—
Can wear as guid a coat an' hat—
Can spout as clean.

We canna think that ye were sinnin',
Tho' ilk ane pledg'd, would break his binnin',
That certain bodies hae been spinnin'—

But rather fair,
Tae gie tae Matt a glorious innin'
Tae civic chair.

He weel deserves't for what he's dune :
He serv'd the burgh late an' shune.
Yes ; act like men—get Matthew in—
He's Airdrie born,
An' in the toon has frien's ye'll fin'
Can tout his horn.

We hate that low, vile, selfish plan,
That heaps a' honour on yae man,
An' dooms as guid for aye tae stan'
Aside the chair.

No ; him wha toils wi' heart an' han'
Should honours share.

An' noo, dear frien', an' much respeckit,
Be not the present time negleckit,

It's rather mair, noo, than suspeckit—
The hope's no vain—
That shune we'll see your person deckit
Wi' the gowden chain.

SAWNIE'S LAMENT FOR THE DRAMSELLERS

O' SCOTLAND,

alias

TEETOTALISM TRIUMPHANT.

Written 1858.

SAIR may ye greet, dramsellers a',
Your fate is sealed—teetot'lers crow;
Your glitt'rin' gill-stoups fling awa—
Tear doon your signs,
Your muckle painted punch'ons saw
Noo into boynes.

Smash your crystal: sell't for candy,
An' bottles markit gin an' brandy.

It's dreadfu' what bodies maun dae
Whan times alter.

They've got Intemperance, the randy,
In a halter.

In her vile mou' they've put the bit—
They winna let her move a fit,
Out o' existence her they'll put,
As shure's the warl' ;
While Bacchus, greetin', tae does sit
Fix'd on his barrel.

Wee wheetrin', daidlin', drucken Tam
Noo cocks his nose, tae, at a dram,
Wha for his life has aften swam
Through flood an' spate
O' drink. He's preacher noo becam'
Within this late.

An' Dan the snab, an' George the wright,
That met tae guzzle ev'ry nicht,
Wi' beigle Rab, wha had the sleight
O' fillin't up.
They a' hae ta'en a fareweel sicht
O' friendship's cup.

Ell-wan Will, an's frien' the hatter—
Sleeky pair ! for months did batter—
Slack their drouth noo wi' caul water—

Even the Bowf

Keeps the pledge, an's leukin' fatter—

Praise be tae Gough !

That's no them a' : there hunners mae,
Hae join'd the League, an' Forbes tae ;
They're meetin' noo in gran' array

On demonstration.

The age is come at length, they say,

O' reformation.

Immortal Rab sang Scotlan's yill,
Her reamin' swats, an' Heelan' gill ;
Had Rabby Burns been livin' still,

He'd broke his bottle—

In praise o' drink ne'er used his quill,

But been teetotal.

I dinna ken hoo far it's richt

Tae tie the bodies up sae ticht ;

Tae tak a dram I think quite richt
Should ought come owre us,
Or meetin' kindred cronie bricht,
But no get glorious.

Should Scotlan' lose her Athole brose,
As she has lost her kilts an' hose,
Some craven foe micht blaw her nose—
We ken they swarm.

Gie Sawnie juist his us'al dose,
He'll tak nae harm.

But noo I'm dune : I'll write nae mair—
Your ain way be't for me, I'm sure.
But oh ! for Scotlan' hae a care,
An' jealous be ;
I wouldna like her lose yae hair
O' her aul' glee.

JAMIE'S FRICHT.

THE witchin' hour o' nicht was past,
Loud blew the win' an' caul' the blast,
While peltin' show'rs cam out the west,
Wi' snaw an' sleet;
A fiendish wight's seen rinnin' fast
Amang the weet.

He ran, nane kent hoo lang, hoo far,
His wirey legs ne'er made a jar,
But on an on' through dub an' glaur
Wi' steamer's nicht;
His een shone bricht as e'enin' star
On frosty nicht.

Some say it is Aul' Maister Nick
Frae Pandemonium cut his stick,
An' that he's rinnin' for some trick
Noo after dark.

As shune's day sounds her hindmost tick,
He starts tae wark.

His feet whan rinnin' loud dae soun',
Their mark amang the glaur is roun';
A firey tail ahint hings doon,
Soopin' the grun'.

Tae meet sic wretch in midnight gloom,
The best would stun.

Sic horrid stories are afloat:
Hoo scores wi' him sic frichts hae got,
An' naething sairs his monstrous throat
But human beef;
But whether this be true or not,
It's their belief.

Last week, a drouthy core sat drinkin',
The dram was guid, the gill-stoups clinkin',

'Bout hame, 'bout wives, nor deils they're thinkin',
A' fears they droon ;
The landlord 'mang the squad sat winkin',
An' ca'in't roun'.

The clock, twa hours since, Forbes chappit,
An' weary mortals a' were happit ;
But Jamie on the table rappit,
Cryin' " Chaps, sit still " ;
While landlord, lauchin', slyly stappit
The stoup tae fill.

But everything maun hae an en',
An' sae maun sprees o' drucken men :
Let's hame as lang's the road we ken—
H'ye heard the talk ?

It's said ilk nicht Aul' Nickie Ben
Here tak's a walk.

Guid nicht was ta'en, tho' sweer't tae part,
For ilk ane gaed a diff'rent airt,
An' each fan' something 'bout his heart
Aboon the drink ;

The crack that Nick was on the alert
Made them tae think.

But Jamie lauch'd, an' ca'd them green :
For cowes he didna care a preen,
For after nicht whar he had been
He couldna tell,
An' yet, for't a', had never seen
Waur than himsel'.

They a' agreed tae that remark ;
But roads were dang'rous, nichts sae dark :
Through fluided burn, owre style, through park—
Miles frae a house ;
But Jamie, whustlin' like a lark,
Set aff quite crouse.

But Jamie's whustle shune was mute,
For there stood something without doot
Straucht on his road—deil, man, or brute
He couldna see ;
He thocht he saw a tail—a snout !
Then turn'd tae flee.

He ran : but close on Jamie's heel
Ran what ? Ah ! what ? Was't beast or deil ?
He didna ken—he tried tae squeel ;

At length he fell !

Doon tae the wretch cam wi' a reel
An' horrid yell !

Puir Jamie, doonmast i' the glaur,
Upon his back like cat did spar ;
'Twas dark as pitch—baith moon an' star,
That dreadfu' nicht,
Thocht shame tae leuk on sic a war,
Sae hade their licht.

They fought till baith were tired an' bluidy ;
Neist day was fan' puir Jamie's body,
No deid, but weel embalm'd wi' toddy
An' stronger drink ;
Beside it lyin' aul' Johnnie's cuddie,
His deil, some think !

This fricht tae Jamie's been a blessin' :
Nae mair at nicht the glass he's kissin' ,

But keeps his hame, his bairns caressin',
Yance't gey an' duddie;
An' at the kirk he's ne'er a-missin',
Thanks tae the cuddie.

ANTIQUARIAN JOCK.

I ca'd on Antiquarian Jock,
An', by my word, he has a stock,
It would surprise the maist o' folk.

Noo juist you mark :
He has a breed aff Noah's cock
Was i' the ark ;

A piece o' Aaron's stick that flower'd ;
A stem cut aff aul' Jonah's gourd ;
Row'd up in clout, he has a ——
O' Balaam's cuddy ;
The club wi' whilk Cain Abel clour'd,
Still black an' bluidy.

He's also yin o' Samson's een ;
A shae belang'd tae Sheba's queen ;
A sheaf o' corn, still fresh an' green,
 Frae Egypt's lan' ;
A bunch o' wands a' speckled clean
 By Jacob's han' ;

An' witch o' Endor, he's yae paton ;
A guid big lump o' Jehu's phaeton ;
Frae pork o' swine possess'd by Satan,
 A cup o' gravie ;
The sword that gied Golliah the clattin' ;
 An' sling o' Davie ;

Yae muckle flea that Pharaoh yockit—
It's won'erfu' hoo Jock e'er got it ;
The pipe that Ahas'erus smockit
 Whan on the squeel ;
Wi' spears an' swords his house is stockit
 O' glitterin' steel.

An' skeletons o' man an' woman ;
An' fossil bees that ance flew bummin'

Through Eden's garden i' the gloamin' ;
 An' Adam's sark,
Ere in his haun was put the summon
 Tae start his wark.

An' birds an' beasts that ran an' flew
Juist whan this whurlin' warl' was new ;
A horn that grew out head o' sow,
 But noo a spoon ;
An' four white mice, if it be true,
 Bred in the moon ;

The sword o' Wallace ; beard o' Knox ;
Queen Ann aul' guns wantin' the locks ;
An' aul' John Calvin's baby frocks ;
 An' Luther's daidley
But Jock's house a' description mocks,
 It's sic a medley.

There's muckle mair that I could tell,
But ye maun come an' see't yoursel' :
He kens the cause how angels fell
 Frae first estate ;

An' whan shall be Time's dying knell—

The day an' date.

Tho' siccan sights the muse inspired,

I fin' the nicht I'm gettin' tired;

Some ither time, if I'm weel hired,

I'll no be lame

Tae tell you, as I've been desired,

The fallow's name.

SAWNIE'S GRANNIE.

Tune—"The Hills of Glenorchy."

I MIN' o' Sawnie whan at schule a wee laddie,
Wi's towsie black heid, barefitit an' duddie;
E'en then frae the bairn shone a lump o' the mannie—
He learnt a' his yaff aff aul'-farrant grannie.
On the brae owre the burn she'd a house an' bit lan'—
A white-wash'd aul' biggin'—the en' o't had fa'en;
But aul' grannie's bit en' was snod, cosie, an' clean—
Aul' an' young likit grannie, douce, decent, an' bien.
Should a bairn get a fa' in the dirt, she would clean't,
Tear daidley or frock, she would sew't up or preen't.
She kent ilka tout o' bairn, woman, or mannie,
Could cure't—for howdie an' doctor was grannie.

An' in simmer, there Sawnie ran huntin' wild bees,
On the brae owre the burn seekin' nests, speelin' trees ;
Like a lammie or maukin on lea spankit Sawnie
Wi' his capers an' fun, divertin' aul' grannie.

But Sawnie grew aul'er, an' left grannie an' hame,
An' grannie grew blin'er, clean doited an' lame,
A' the day she would crack, a' nicht dream o' Sawnie :
Her heart brak—she dee't—sair miss'd was aul' grannie.
But her saul, freed frae frailty, wing'd upwards its flight,
Tae that hame whar day is uncludet by nicht ;
She has learnt the new sang o' yon happy launie :
The spirits in bliss keep company wi' grannie.

At length Sawnie cam hame wi' hale pockfu's o' gowd,
An' boucht a' the green whar the aul' biggin' stood ;
Maist a housefu' o' weans cry faither tae Sawnie :
He greets when he tells about his aul' grannie.
He has built a gran' house : has a garden an' a',
A score o' bee-skeps staun inside o' the wa' ;
He is noo ca'd the laird—ne'er yin ca's him Sawnie—
He learn'd mair than yaff aff his aul'-farrant grannie.

A POSITIVE FACT.

THERE'S a funny aul' man—a cast-metal man—

Like veteran warder noo stauns at our cross,
Be't frost, rain, or snaw, he's never awa :

They tell me, wha ken him, the gentleman's boss !
Aweel, the ither nicht, a wee after twal,

An Airdrie official was out on the spree,
As by the Aul' Cross he gaed staggerin' hame,

The cast-metal man caught the gentleman's ee.
He hemm'd an' he haw'd, for his warm soul play'd bounce

Wi' a dunt tae's mouth, as he thocht on the chance :
“ I'm sayin', my lass, turn this corner a wee,

I'll pay ye weel for't—losh, I'm out on the spree !
Come awa, my dear lass—o'd, dae ye no hear !—

Ye staun like a stane there—o'd, will ye no steer ! ”

When bang! he cam tae her, extolling her charms,
An' catch'd the cast-metal man richt in his arms.
At embracin' the fair this gent is nae novice,
But it's rather a lark t'embrace our Post Office!
A wag, wha kens weel baith the gent an' his tricks,
Saw't,—lauch'd like tae burst at the gentleman's fix.
Whan he heard the loud roars, the official turn'd roun'
An' curs'd him, an' swore like a reg'lar dragoon;
Then fast as he could frae the Aul' Cross took leave,
Avowing revenge on ilk daughter o' Eve.

THE MANIAC HELEN.

'Twas night! A night of clouds and rain,
Wild moaning winds swept hill and plain
In fitful fearful gusts; the giant oaks
Like saplings bent—trembled the lasting rocks;
Fork'd lightning flash'd, deep thunder roll'd,
As if Creation's funeral knell were toll'd!
Or if this ball had back to chaos whirl'd,
So dreadful raged the storm o'er slumb'ring world.
But 'midst the lightning's flash — through dark
storm—
Walks, thinly clad, a female's fragile form,
Unscath'd, unmov'd; the fiery madden'd brain

And storm within her breast defies wind, rain ;
Or lightning's flash, or deaf'ning thunder's roll
She saw, nor heard—no fears awoke that soul !
Onward she moves ! her matchless bosom bare,
Whiter than virgin snow ; her raven hair
Neglected now, in matted tresses hung
Over that face so fair : so lovely : young !
Poor frantic Helen ! would some hand were nigh
To guard thee on that rocky summit high.
Still onward ! upward still ! the dizzy top
The maniac gain'd !—help there is none : no hope.
She sees the deep, dark yawning gulf : the flow
Of swollen waters raging far below.
One piercing shriek is heard of wild despair !
She kneels : her arms extend to heav'n in prayer.
The God of nature hears : and as she prays,
At once for her a sympathy displays.
Nature rebukes ! the growling thunders cease,
And rain : the strong winds lull'd He into peace.
The morn awoke : and floods of living light
Broke from the burning east, refulgent, bright ;

The song of morning birds broke on her ear,
And calm'd her troubled soul : dispelling fear.
A ray of heavenly light, sent from above,
Had touch'd her frantic soul—and all was love !

Sequel.

THE tears stood on her lovely cheek,
Like dew on the wild rose leaf ;
She sung—her voice had a silvery sound,
But the song was a song of grief.

She sung of her home, her youthful home,
And thought of her maiden years—
The choice she made—the husband lov'd,
Now gone—while faster flowed her tears.

Then she sung of her boy, her only boy,
Like his father, generous and brave.
Her boy sleeps by his father's side—
They lie in a stranger's grave.

Grief, want, and woe, poor Helen press'd,
She'd no husband then, nor friend;
Her frantic soul that dreadful night
Thus sought an untimely end

But now she loves and is beloved,
For her Christian worth esteemed,
And those with whom she associates now,
Of her past life never dreamed.

THE POET'S DREAM.

WHEN night her sable mantle throws
O'er care-worn mortals in repose,
The poet flies on Fancy's wing
To waving woods, where wild birds sing :
Where tall oaks rear their giant form,
And tower majestic 'mid the storm ;
He dreams, entranc'd with visions bright
In sunshine, through the darkest night.

At will he treads the verdant hill,
Where ev'ning dew-drops sparkle still,
Ere yet the sun's first feeble ray
Hath kiss'd the flow'rets on the brae.
He loves to see the spray and foam
That lash old Scotland's island home :

Where loud the ocean's thunder sounds—
Where bathing rocks his empire bounds—
Where high the startled sea-birds scream :
Such scenes compose the poet's dream.

He marks the banner stream afar
Of liberty, and freedom's star
O'er blood-stain'd fields dispensing light
To Italy's sons amidst the fight.

He marks the dark-eyed damsel's tears ;
The dying warrior's groans he hears ;
He moves a world to raise the cry :
Strike ! strike for truth and liberty !

Although his country's free and brave,
He dreams of foreign despot's slave ;
He starts and smiles, and smiles to see
Their chains in twain—their fetters free !

He loves the lone sequester'd glen
Far from the busy haunts of men,

To listen to the feather'd throng

Joining in melody and song.

He loves such sounds—such scenes to see,

Where every plant, and shrub, and tree,

And every flow'r that gems the sod

Still bears the impress of his God ;

He loves each little silv'ry stream :

Such scenes compose the poet's dream.

MARY—"THE BROKEN-HEARTED."

D'YE see that bonnie blue-eed lass

There, sittin' on that brae,

A mournin', broken-hearted thing—

That's aye her seat by day.

She's crackin' tae the wee wild flow'rs

She pu'd doon in yon glen ;

She tells the flow'rs her heartfelt grief,

As if the flow'rs could ken :

He's juist like you, wee lifeless flow'rs,

Ye hing your faded heid ;

I greet, for Willie's faded tae,

Ay ! juist like you, he's deid.

My wee deid flow'rs, it wasna fair—

It wasna fair o' death,

When he took Willie, dear, frae me,
He should hae ta'en us baith.
When ye hung on your stalks, wee flow'rs,
Like Willie, fair, were you :
His cheeks were like your bosom red,
Wat wi' the ev'nin's dew.
When gloamin' comes he cracks wi' me
Aft frae yon dark, green wood ;
An' through the day I see his form
In monie a passing clud.
At nicht I see his lauchin' een
Far up amang the sterns ;
He loes me yet—our hearts are yin—
Were yin when we were bairns.
An' aften here his spirit sits
Close by his Mary's side ;
But Mary shall ere lang, sweet flow'rs,
Be Willie's spirit bride.

* * * * *

The simmer flew, the autumn win's

Made bare yon wood sae green ;
Yet aften 'mang the rustlin' leaves
Was hapless Mary seen.
When winter cam wi' ruthless haun,
Her lifeless form was foun'
Stretch'd on that brae at break o' day,
A' frozen tae the groun'.
A voice was heard that stormy night,
Out frae a clud it cried :
I've foun' him noo, 'boon moon an' sterns—
I'm noo my Willie's bride !

MITHER AN' BAIRN.

YE maunna be sae dull, mither,
It maks me dull an a',
Ye ken that wark an' siller's scarce
In storms o' frost an' snaw.
But shune the wastlin' win's will thaw
The icy frozen snaw,
An' on the parks yance't green again
The siller gowans blaw.

I'll pu' ye, then, the wild blue-bells,
In sunny days o' spring,
When bush an' tree put on their braws,
An' spreckled lav'rocks sing.

For whan ye sit an' mourn an' greet,
My wee heart's awfu' sair,
Yes, mither, whiles it's like tae break—
Ye maunna dae't nae mair.

Noo, dicht your een, an' greet nae mair,
But wait till I'm a man,
When big, I'll work for siller, then
I'll mak ye a' I can.

She bless'd her bairnie's love-lit een,
Synne drew him tae her side,
An' press'd him tae her beatin' heart
Wi' a' a mither's pride.

It's no for want o' wark I pine,
Though that is helpin't tae ;
Dear bairn, within your mither's breast
Lies hid a deeper wae.

Aneath that cauld, hard frozen snaw
My bairns a' sleep but thee,
An' for your sake, my kin'ly bairn
I houp a while tae dree.

Fause are sic houps as dreams o' nicht,

Death cam an' took her hame ;

The bairn syne fan' his faither was

Nae faither but in name.

Years passed : an' he a noble youth,

Had joined that plaided ban' ;

Tae face aul' Scotlan's northern foes

Left frien's an' native lan'.

Aroun' his wark-nerv'd powerfu' arm

Reel'd monie a Russian stern ;

Death strew'd the path through Scotland's foes

O' the hero, tho' a bairn.

He, fechtin', fell on Alma's steep,

He has nae stane—nae cairn ;

Wide waters roar atween the grave

O' mither an' o' bairn.

THE DREAM OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

I DREAM'D a dream last night, mother,
And I saw you as plainly as now :
But grief sat not on your rosy cheek,
Nor sorrow, then, on your brow.
And I thought that your dark eye shone as bright
As the ev'ning star's unclouded light,
And you look'd so lovely, young, and fair,
As you dress'd and curl'd my yellow hair.
Accents sweet fell from your tongue,
And you told me of days when you were young—
You told me of him you lov'd so dear,
Men took away on the funeral bier—
You told me, too, that a cottage stood
And garden fair, near yonder wood,
And you call'd it, I thought, your peaceful home,
Where, in days of youth, you oft did roam ;

With violets rich, and wild flow'rs rare,
You used to deck your raven hair.
But the scene was chang'd! and midst tempest, storm,
Through the darkness I saw my father's form,
But his form was lost in the thick'ning gloom—
A voice said to me: "'Tis an early tomb!"
Dear mother, I thought you, too, were gone,
And that I was left in this world alone.
But it was a dream—the dream of a child—
Oh then! look not thus with your eyes so wild,
Nor listen thus to my infant tale—
Oh! it was but a dream—then why so pale?
But her ear was deaf, and her silent tear
Fell on my face as she drew me near,
And she grasp'd me firm, and I heard a moan—
Oh! her hand so white was cold as stone!
Her race was run: even in death she smil'd—
Dying, she pray'd for the drunkard's child.
They bore her away from her boy's sight—
I'll never forget that dream—that night!
But since then on her boy the world has smil'd,
Her prayer was heard for the drunkard's child.

BURNS, SCOTLAND'S BARD.

Up! every Scotchman, wi' a bang,
An' clear your wizzens wi' the sang—
That sang wi' whilk your kintra's ringin',
An' ev'ry true-bred Scot is singin'.
Wha winna sing aul' Rabby's praises
Should creep at yance't aneath the daisies :
A chiel mair gleg ne'er trod this yirth,
Aul' Scotlan's proud she gied him birth,
An' weel she may be gey proud o' it,
For Rab was ev'ry inch her poet.

What tho' he wrought 'mang carts an' ploughs,
Burns was the fav'rite o' the Muse :
His shouthers owre she cuist her mantle

O' magic flame, kept frae a hantle,
An' charg'd his saul wi' feelin's strang,
An' tuned his lyre tae hamely sang,
An' 'mang her gifts she gied the pow'r
Tae sing in verse ilk lowly flow'r.
Then chant his praise, and sing't wha can,
Our Burns was ev'ry inch a man.

An' ev'ry mood o' human heart,
Tae strike ilk tone, Burns had the airt;
Frae frolic fun, tae grief's sad wail,
Wi' maister haun he swept the scale.
See! what a gush o' woe an' grievin'
He sings about his "Lass in Heaven."
As lang's morn's lingerin' star is seen,
The name o' Burns shall flourish green.
Then shout his praise, an' sing't wha can,
Our Burns was ev'ry inch a man.

Tae see him tak a lightsome canter,
Juist read his tale 'bout "Tam o' Shanter:"
His mither wit owrespreads the hale,

An' sparks on Maggie's want o' tail.
An' aiblins, I could wad my lugs
Ye'll no fin' better than his "Dugs;"
Ay! thousan's sit an' tak a pleasure
Tae read an' hear the cracks o' Cæsar.
But what need I gang owre that beuk
That's kent tae earth's remotest neuk.
Then chant his praise, an' sing't wha can,
Our Burns was ev'ry inch a man.

Ay! while a Scot can sing or whustle—
As lang's aul' Scotlan' rears her thrustle—
As lang's her wuds an' plantains growe—
As lang's her burns an' waters rowe—
Ay! till this whurlin' yirth gets crackit—
Till Time turns aul', an' kicks the bucket—
Tho' ither bards may sleep negleckit,
The name o' Burns shall be respeckit.
Then roar his praise, an' sing't wha can,
Our Burns was ev'ry inch a man.

“AUL’ SCOTLAN’ STILL.”

WE love tae sing aul’ Scotlan’s praise,
Her broom-clad knowes an’ heather braes,
The siller stream an’ hazel glen,
Her strappin queens an’ stalwart men.
Poets sing in praise o’ volunteers,
We’ll raither sing aul’ Scotlan’s deers,
That skim, like lightning’s flash, the daisied lea,
Or scale her heights, majestic, free,
Her hawk, high twitterin’ i’ the lift,
Her winter storms, her snaw an’ drift,
Her whins that fringe her rugged rocks,
Whar, perch’d on high, the raven croaks,
Her wuds, whar coo the cushie doos,
Are scenes an’ soun’s ilk Scotchman loes.

The shilfa's chirpin' i' the wud,
The laverock's sang high i' the clud,
Her wild flow'rs sheen in mornin's ee,
Whar muircocks crawl an' lapwings flee,
Beside the martyr's honour'd cairn,
On lonesome muir, whar sleep the stern,
Where sainted ashes of our fathers rest,
Spots dear tae ev'ry Scotchman's breast.
Her varied scen'ry, hill, an' plain,
Her fields, noo white wi' ripened grain,
The reaper's cheery laugh an' jokes,
Her scented thorn, her knarl'd oaks,
Her bleating lambkins on the hill,
Mak Scotchmen loe aul' Scotlan' still.

Her Sabbath set apart frae toil,
The glory is o' Scotlan's isle ;
The soun' o' Sabbath mornin's bell
Makes ev'ry Scotchman's bosom swell—
Inspiring souls wi' prayer an' praise,
Tae Labour's sons the day o' days.
Her witches, warlocks, fairy raids,

Her waterfa's an' wild cascades,
Her brownies, kelpies, deeds o' arms,
Her mystic spell, her wraiths wi' charms,
Her legends, tales, an' hill-born rill,
Mak Scotchmen loe aul' Scotlan' still.

THE SIR WILLIAM WALLACE MONUMENT.

An appeal to every patriotic Scotchman to attend the laying
of the foundation stone, at Abbey Craig, Stirling, on 24th
June, 1861.

START ! ev'ry Scotchman that can wauchel,
An' tak the road in boot or bauchel,
The morn is come ye a' maun shachle
Tae Abbey Craig ;
Wha's lame maun try an' mak a scrachle,
An' get a naig.

For Scotlan's clansmen meet this day,
A debt o' gratitude to pay ;
Their banners flaunt in bricht array
Owre free-born men.
Ten thousan' come, wi' bauld huzza,
Frae hill an' glen.

Frae feudal glens our clans forgather,
Frae hills whar blooms our crimson heather,
Industry e'en has loos'd her tether

Owre a' the lan',

The lord an' peasant, rank'd thegither,
Like brithers stan'.

To rear a monument o' fame,
A nation's tribute to that name,
Wha bled, wha died that Scotchmen's hame

An' Scots be free—

Wha Scotlan's ev'ry foe did tame,
Or forc'd tae flee.

When wrong, oppression, swept our lan',
He stemm'd the torrent single-han';
Or in dens an' caves, wi' trusty ban',

Aye kept his post.

Aye foremost in the fecht did stan',
Himsel' a host.

His name adorns aul' Scotlan's lays,
Her bards a' sing o' Wallace praise;

But noo is come the day o' days,
Scotlan's seen nane
Like this : a gather'd nation lays
A sacred stane.

Oh ! could that dauntless spirit see
His nation muster, glorious, free :
Here met, sons fam'd for bravery,
Fearless exclaim,
We've found the king o' liberty
In Wallace name !

Proudly he'd scan that free-born throng,
Mark kindred spirits them among,
Join wi' them the triumphant song,
Till lan' an' sea
An' hills an' glens the shout prolong,
Aul' Scotlan's free !

Rear high the monumental pile,
Tae tower for aye owre Scotlan's isle,
That unborn sons may see't an' smile,
An' Wallace bless.

Yes! Wallace suff'rin's, bluid, an' toil,
Deserves a' this.

'Tis laid, by honour'd hauns, 'tis laid
By mystic art, an' rules o' trade,
Noo, may it never mair be said
He sleeps forgot.

No! Wallace fame shall never fade
While breathes a Scot.

HIELAN' BANNETS.

A' SCOTIA'S sangsters vie wha best can sing
Hoo Hielan' bannets a' their faes can ding,
An' sweep their lyres tae aul' Sir Colin's fame
(Scotia may weel be proud o' sic a name),
An' ranks o' lion hearts frae Hielan' braes,
Whase deeds shall last for aye in Scotia's lays
Sing on, ye bards, they weel deserve it a',
They bled 'neath Indian sun, 'mang Russian snaw.

The bagpipes skirl'd relief 'mid Lucknow's fears,
They scal'd the Alma rugged steep like deers,
Whar rang their chargin' steel 'boon cannon's roar—
They dyed their tartans red in Russian gore.
Brave Hielan' bannets ! heroes a' are ye,
Nae wonner that your island hame is free.

The lan' o' heich an' howe an' rocky cave,
That spurns the tread o' tyrant an' o' slave,
The whins, her yellow broom, an' heather hills,
The lakes an' foamin' linns, her burns an' rills,
Her moss-grown cairn, an' haunted fairy glen,
Whar mystic spells are wrought 'yond mortal ken,
A' chant the victor's praise, hearts leal an' true.
Ye tartan kilts an' plaids an' bonnets blue,
Aye shall your name be sung, ye brave an' free,
In Scotia's sangs 'bout clans an' victory.

FAREWHEEL TAE THE YEAR 1858.

FAREWHEEL, auld year—aul' Fifty-Aught,
We've warstl'd through ye wi' a faught,
O' grief, we've gotten monie a waught
 Sin' ye began,
An' some sage lessons hae been taught
 Hoo man cheats man.

At first, ye offer'd geyan fair,
An' hearts grew hale that ance were sair :
Your crap was fu' an' rather mair,
 A better never,
For't a', what cam tae puir folks share
 Was dear as ever.

Of course, you'll put the blame on miller,
On banker an' potato dealer,
For guid's sae dear, an' want o' siller,
Aul' frien', you'll fin'
The truth tae tell, ye've been a killer
Tae monie a yin.

Ere ye began, that bank was doon
That sent through monie a heart a stoun'—
The wark o' that vile, swin'lin' loon
Wha had tae flee.
Aul' Scotlan's curse hings owre his croon,
Whare'er he be.

If but the half were kent, were spoken
O' what he did, vile, shabby, shockin'—
The purses toom'd, the hearts he's broken
Wi' want, distress—
There some we've paid Calcraft for chockin'
Deserv'd it less.

But you, aul' frien', aye whirl'd awa,
An' ne'er loot on ye kent or saw,

Whan, had ye likit, wi' yae blaw

Micht sent him reelin'.

Ye've seen the rich made puir for't a'—

Ye had nae feelin'.

Ye've seen the trade brought tae a stan',

Disease an' death owrespread the lan',

Death cuttin' aff, wi' sternest han',

Loed frien's an' dear.

Aul' Scotlan' mourns her thousan's fa'n

Throughout the year.

Ay! monie a noble heart an' brave

Ye've seen laid in a bluidy grave,

Since your first blasts began tae rave,

An' storms tae rattle—

The workin' man as much a slave

Wi' life's hard battle.

Some wha pretend thing's future kennin',

Aye said or e'er your days were en'in',

Ye would be chang'd, an' blessings sen'in'—

They're wrang gey far.

For you, aul' year, instead o' men'in'
Ye're gettin' waur.

Then, fare-ye-weel, my rev'rent frien',
Ye'll shune be as ye ne'er had been,
Ye're noo juist tott'rin' aff the scene
Tae bygane years,
There nane that has ye felt or seen
Will e'er shed tears.

Oh! that your hindmaist twal were chappit,
An' your remains in darkness happit,
Then will monie a door be rappit,
An' hearty waught
Be ta'en wi' joy, that Time has snappit
Aul' Fifty-Aught.

A CRACK WI' A ROBIN AT A BURNSIDE
NEAR AIRDRIE.

“WHAN frozen snaw clad hill an' dale,
Ye happit then amang our kail,
But, Robin, noo ye've ta'en the strunts,
Nae mair ye're seen amang the runts—
Nae mair on tap o' langest pole,
Whan winter's caul' was ill tae thole,
Whar aft ye sat an' sang for days,
Whar washin' Betty dried her claes—
Nae mair ye come an' eat your fill
On crumbs laid oot on window sill.
Aye, while we had a crumb tae spare,
Wee Robin, you would had your share ;

But shune's ye gat yae glint o' spring,
Forsook us a', an' took the wing
For wimplin' burn, for lonely glen,
An' left the busy haunts o' men.

Ah! monie a yin I've seen like you :
Whan fortune smil'd, took wing an' flew,
Wha lichtly fa'd their former frien's
Whane'er they gat increase o' means."

Wee Robin here laid in his word :
"If man does that, what frae a bird
Could you expect that has nae sense?
Sic frien's, sic friendship's a' pretence—
True friendship lasts, nor broken never,
Nor time, nor place, nor death can sever.
For me, at least, there's this excuse :
I was brocht up amang thir braes—
Here spent my youth aside this burn,
In me 'twas nat'ral tae return,
Whar ev'ry flow'r, an' bush, an' tree
Were dear an' hallow'd things tae me.

“ The way you spoke, juist you alane
Had cause tae mourn, had grief an’ pain.
I, tae, hae had my share o’ griefs :
I built a nest amang thae leaves
In that bit hole below that bracken,
But noo it’s toom, forlorn, forsaken.
For Sabbath cam—blest day o’ rest !
But warst o’ a’ for bird, for nest ;
For through the week they’re keepit busy,
Except some orra yin that’s lazy.

“ The West Kirk bell had scarce dune ringin’,
I, ’side my nest, was sittin’ singin’,
Whan, juist as true as you I’m tellin’,
A squad cam up the burnside yellin’.
Whan them I saw ’twas kent tae me,
Nae nest could lang escape their ee ;
They had fan out a laverock’s scrapin’—
The scoundrels very mouths were gapin’—
A wee Tam Tittie’s buggin’ out,
An’ mine was next, without a doot.
They cam, an’ ye may guess the rest :

They took the eggs, tore out my nest,
Syne smash'd the eggs upon the groun',
My nest was scatter'd tae the win'.
Hope fled : I mourn'd : an' truth be spoken,
I thocht my wee bit heart would broken.

“ Ance mair I've built in safer place,
'Mang roots that peep frae yon braeface ;
My nest the noo's wi' young weel stockit,
For meat at times I'm sairly yockit,
I'm scarcely e'er yae minute frae them,
I'm happy whan I've ought tae gie them.
Whan ance they're big, an' fit tae flee,
An' through the bushes follow me—
Which winna, noo, be very lang—
I'll whustle, then, a cheery sang.

“ An' whan I see the brown leaves fa',
An' fiel's get clad wi' flaky snaw,
Aul' frien', if spared I'll on ye ca',
An' sing ance mair on Betty's pole,
An' pick crumbs on your window sole.”

“ My bird, we’ve crackit lang the noo,
Sae, Robin, I maun say adieu,
Though very sweer’t tae part wi’ you.
But while I hae yae crumb tae fore,
Ye’ll aye be welcome tae my door.”
Wi’ that the robin flew awa,
“ Ye’re sure tae see me if it’s snaw.”

LINES ON THE REMAINS OF A BROKEN
CHINA TEA-POT,
LYING IN THE GUTTER.

“ YE'RE gey far through, aul' Be'lzebub,
'Mang nastiness, noo, in the dub ;
Ye've seen the time ye were respeckit,
Tho' there, at last, ye lie negleckit.
Puir pat ! ye've lost your stroup an' han',
Your lid lies smash'd, tae, i' the stran' ;
Tho' but for times that ye would min' her,
Your mistress nicht hae used ye kin'er.
That nicht that made a wife o' Jeanie
You grac'd a pretty set o' china ;
But you, the tea-pat, was the pet—

The crownin' beauty o' the set—
Your novel shape, ilk ane was fraisin't,
An' ca'd ye aye the aul' laird's present.
Whan you—braw pat!—'mang cups did stan',
The best would ta'en ye by the han';
But noo, ye're lyin' i' the glaur,
Ilk ane gaun bye will smash ye waur.
Your fate, puir tea-pat! is man's tae,
If yance't he's seen gaun doon the brae—
As shune's it's kent he wants a crown
Then ilk ane kicks him farer doon,
Till shunn'd by a', the puir man lies,
Without yae frien' on earth he dies.'"
As tae mysel' I thus did crack,
I thocht the broken tea-pat spak:
"The way I'm smash'd, an' thrown out here,
Was by the sad effects o' beer.
Jeanie, the sweet, the lovely, young,
Was sair deceiv'd by flatt'ry's tongue—
She dreed, she thol'd, till past a' thinkin',
Wi' his debauchin' swearin', drinkin':
The short an' lang o't—truth tae tell—

Jeanie fell a victim till't hersel'.

Oh! after that hoo I was used,

My stroup, my lid, my haun abus'd;

I've stood hale nichts upon the hob,

An' witness'd monie a drucken job,

An' could a china tea-pat greet

I'd dune't, I was sae vex'd tae see't.

I min' yae nicht, when baith were smeekit,

I stood till I was black an' reekit—

That nicht they had an awfu' rackit,

The fire my sides an' bottom crackit.

That was, alas! the fatal skelp,

Nae frien'ly haun bein' near tae help.

“ At length they put me on a shelf,

Amang some dirty common delf,

An' there I stood amidst that group,

Without a lid, or haun, or stroup.

Destruction's wark was swift—most shockin'!

I saw my partners smash'd an' broken:

Cup after cup, flett after flett,

Till nane were left o' a' the set.

Nae mair I'll tell—the rest ye ken—
You see me here—Oh ! horrid en' !

“ Yae ither word afore we pairt :
May what I've tell't ye touch your heart ;
Min', never mak a laugh or joke
O' what the broken tea-pat spoke,
But min' my pairtin' word : “ Shun drink,”
Wha quaffs the madd'nin' glass maun sink.”
Some mair it said 'gainst drinkin', smee kin',
Syne a' at yance it drappit speakin'.
I left whan naething mair it spak,
Resolv'd tae profit by its crack,
An' min' the warnin' monie a day,
Though spoken by a piece o' clay.

A SMOKER'S FAREWEEL TAE HIS
TOBACCO PIPE.

FOR lang I've had it in my heart
That you an' me, auld pipe, should pairt,
An' aye the time gaed by I ettled,
But noo I've gotten fairly settled.
Yes, by whatever name folk term ye,
I've ta'en my oath nae mair ye'll harm me,
An' yet it maks ilk feelin' smart,
It e'en gangs dirlin' tae my heart,
An strikes me like a deidly dart,
The thocht that you an' me maun part.
Though ye're a chum that canna speak,
Thegither we've had monie a reek—
Whan you were fu', gaun richt, an' reekin,
I never miss'd your want o' speakin'.

Yes, monie a secret thing I've tell't ye,
Whan you gat toom, wi' pleasure fill't ye,
An' carefully took out your dottle,
Tae drap ye noo I'm sworn in total.
Ye've been lang the last thing ta'en at nicht,
An' a wap at morn if out o' sight—
Yes, an' e'er I had pu'd on a stockin'
I'd haen ye lichtit, steamin', smokin'.
Nae wonner our king—"Jamie," was't?—
Wrote a book, "Tobacco's Counterblast;"
Tae tell ye plainly what I think :
Ye're 'mang the evils next tae drink—
Sae, therefore, I hae ta'en the pledge,
An' 'gainst ye will a warfare wage.
What on tobacco I hae spent
Would schul'd a bairn, or pay'd my rent :
For thirty years, twa ounce a week
Is forty pounds as clean's a leek.
It's surely, then, a piece o' stuff
Tae spend sae muckle cash for puff,
An' carryin' rather far the joke,
Tae waste guid forty pounds on smoke.

There's stuff gaun noo no worth the smokin',
Some say it's cabbage blade or docken ;
They sell't, an' ca't real Lurgan twist—
The short an' lang o't's, pairt we must,
As shure's you're clay an' man is dust.
Then, fare-ye-weel, pipes yin an' a',
Lang-shankit, short, big-headed, sma',
Burns' cutty, Garibaldi, straw,
Ye'll nae mair flourish in my jaw,
Sae, fare-ye-weel, pipes yin an' a',
For nevermair I'll tak a draw.

THE PIPE'S DEFENCE.

THEN spak the pipe—"Is't no a shame
Tae saddle us wi' a' the blame?
That was the gait whan Adam fell,
He shov'd the blame a' aff himsel',
An' stood an' threepit like a knife,
An' put the blame o't on his wife:
It was a pity but that apple
Had stuck for ever in his thrapple!
It's juist man's way, without a swither,
If in a faut, aye blames some ither;
But I'm sure that I, sin' days o' youth,
Ne'er push'd mysel' intae your mouth.
Ye blame pipes, tae, for the expense,
This proves at ance your want o' sense.

There's ae truth sad in what you say,
That man is dust an' pipes are clay,
But ye ken as weel as I can tell,
That the puir pipes didna mak theirsel'—
But made by man—for smokin' vended—
We only serve what he intended.
Whan he made o' clay our heid an' shank,
If we're an ill, he's himsel' tae thank.
But tae put an en' tae senseless jokin',
Since the first day ye learnt the smokin',
Tae this I've aye, man, been your frien',
I really wonner what ye mean :
Ye're gaen delirious thus tae wipe,
Misca', an' lichtly fa' your pipe.
I've seen whan grief an' cares oppress'd,
I've sooth'd your mind an' frame tae rest ;
There were nichts ye couldna clos'd an ee,
Auld chap, if it hadna been for me.
I've seen whan Nan an' you were huff'd,
Ye held your tongue, an' sat an' puff'd,
An' whiles she would ye fairly jamm'd,
If it hadna been my heid was cramm'd.

But ye'll learn the "saw," lad, by-an'-bye,
The well's ne'er miss'd till yance it's dry,
Sae, maybe after I'm put past,
Your mouth may water for a blast.
There's ae thing on ye I would wish,
Whan next ye try puir pipes tae crush,
May your deaf wife—that's Nannie—skelp ye,
An' nane be near at haun tae help ye—
I houp for ance ye'll get a chockin',
Ye'll think, it's fully waur than smokin'.
I bid ye, noo, a lang fareweel,
Expectin' Nan will mak ye feel
Your want o' me, an' mak ye squeel,
I houp, auld chap, she'll thump ye weel.

THE SONS OF TOIL.

AN INVOCATION.

Written 1858.

YE generous, noble hearts!—ye rich who claim
Old Scotland island's home by birth, by name,
Protect, assist the pride, the boast of Scotia's isle,
Her bulwark—her defence—her sons of toil!

When foes set foot on Scotia's sterile coast,
She sought no safeguard but her tartan'd host,
Whose claymores swept invaders from our soil,
Wielded by arms and hands inur'd to toil.

When usurpation levell'd kingdoms, thrones—
When nations listen'd to their monarchs' groans,
Who legions of Gaul's Despot made recoil?
His squadrons slew? 'Twas Scotland's sons of toil!

When pond'rous clouds surcharg'd with carnage, blood,
Roll'd down from Alma's top—Who bravely stood?
Who scal'd the rugged heights? nor paus'd the while,
Till Russians fled or fell. 'Twas Scotland's sons of toil!

When Indian hate, revolt, ingratitude,
Dyed red her hands in butcher'd infants' blood—
When British mothers savage hordes did spoil—
Who rose t'avenge the deed? Our sons of toil!

On moors, on mountains where the heather grows,
Stands aged cairns, where martyr'd dead repose,
Whose blood did consecrate old Scotland's isle—
Our Covenanted sires were sons of toil!

Stretch forth your hands, ye generous ones, to save
Our toiling sons, so strong in fight, so brave,
From want and woe, wide-spread o'er Scotland's isle,
Supply their wants—support the sons of toil!

O, ye who, if ye knew, would feel, would spare,
List to the children's cry, the mother's prayer
For bread. That cry resounds through Scotland's isle,
Then send relief—Heaven shield the sons of toil !

'BELLA.

Low down by yon burn, whar the wild gowans growe—
Whar the hoary palm nods o'er the bramble-clad howe,
When the day dwindles doon tae the gloamin' hour grey,
Tae view this dear spot aften lanely I stray.

Tae hear the last sang o' the birds gaun tae rest,
Whan the dew-drap is ting'd wi' the hue o' the west,
An' the bustle o' Nature sits doon for a day,
I like, then, tae be on this green slopin' braise,

And muse on the past, on youth's innocent day—
But swift flew youth's pleasures, youth's pastimes away,
Whan licht-hearted an' happy, here aften I stray'd,
Tae pu' the wild flowers for the garlands I made.

But hoo chang'd is this heart!—the tear dims mine eye,
My yance't cheery sang is noo turn'd tae a sigh :
I'm deserted—betray'd!—he swore ne'er tae deceive,
An' this owre-trustin' heart those vows did believe.

'Twas here that we vow'd—'twas here that we met,
Then, sweet moments o' pleasure, noo, hours o' regret ;
Tho' far frae his Bella and his country he stray,
He still may remember this green slopin' brae.

Ere the brown leaves o' autumn shall carpet the wud—
Ere the downy flakes fa' frae the wintry clud,
This owre-sorrowin' heart shall hae ceas'd frae its wae,
Then, mak me a grave on this green slopin' brae.

* * * * *

'Tis autumn. The ee o' the day is o'er cast,
The brown rustlin' leaves are, noo, strewn in the blast,
And Bella is gane—her loving heart feels nae wae—
That saugh marks her grave on the green slopin' brae.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Written at the Age of Thirteen.

Noo, simmer days are past an' gane,
An' wintry win's dae loudly grane
Amang the trees, an' sleet an' rain
Fa' in peltin' show'rs,
Or driftin' snaw decks white the plain
An' rose-clad bowers.

An' birds amang the wild blasts' sweep,
Are heard tae greet wi' mournfu' peep,
For they can get nae whar tae sleep
That's snug an' warm,
Nae leaf-clad bough that can them keep
Safe frae the storm.

The cauld sleet flees, the meat is scant,
The puir bit thing's maist deid wi' want,
The birds in ban's owre fields dae rant
 Wi' shiverin' frame,
The robin near the door does haunt,
 Turn'd unco tame.

Yae day, whan frozen was the drap,
Tae catch a Rab I set a trap,
Whan by yin cam, an' in he lap
 Tae tak a pick,
Whan fell the sclate, then, wi' a pap,
 An' Rab did nick.

The wee green cage I put him in,
He's mounted on the tapmaist pin,
Tae mourn his fate he did begin,
 Tears in his ee,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his tune
 Was "Pity me."

"Tho' meat is plenty, sad's my lot,
Noo wasted is my bonnie coat,

'Gainst wintry blasts 'twas a' I got

Tae keep me warm,

Noo, in my whustle is nae note

That does me charm."

"My bonnie birdie, dinna mourn,

Tho' sad's your fate ye shall return

Tae yonder sweets beside yon burn

In simmer days,

Then love's sweet notes your breast shall burn,

An' swell wi' praise."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE autumn leaves are falling fast,
Sad change from summer's bloom !
So has it been with some we love—
They fill an early tomb.

Awhile the leaves hung fresh and green
Upon their parent stem,
Soon sweeping tempests laid them low,
Some fell as fast as them.

But soon will spring the woods adorn
With leaves as fair—as gay ;
But those loved ones for whom we mourn
Have passed for aye away.

Now, though no more with them we walk
The green and verdant field,
Nor taste with them the thousand sweets
That Nature's beauties yield ;

Nor see the glorious orb of day
Far up the vault of heaven,
Nor see the myriad silv'ry lights
That gem the sky of even'.

Here though no more we see their form,
Nor hear their loving voice,
They now possess a brighter home,
Where blood-bought ones rejoice.

Soon shall their scatter'd ashes live,
No more to suffer pain—
Soon shall our mourning eyes behold
Their dear loved forms again.

Nor time, nor death, nor noxious grave
Shall e'er divide us more,
Nor pain, nor separation's known
On Canaan's happy shore.

A FATHER'S ADDRESS
TO HIS FIRST-BORN SON.

WELCOME! first link of wedded love,
Dear lend to us from God above,
May He thee guard from ev'ry danger—
Welcome, helpless little stranger.

As pure as snow still may thou be,
Smooth may life's ocean be to thee,
Without a breaker, storm, or blast,
Till life's trials all are past.

Then, may He that reigns above,
Thee welcome give with heart of love,
And amid death's dire alarms,
Fold thee, thus, within his arms,

And press thee to his loving breast,
Where thou shalt find eternal rest :
Angelic hosts shall guard thee there,
Far surpassing parent's care.

ARROCHAR VALE.

A SONG.

I'LL sing of my Arrochar vale of my birth,
I love thee above all the lov'd spots of earth :
There I sang the rude songs of my boyhood days,
By thy burns, bright and clear, 'mang thy heather-clad
braes.

Tho' far, noo, from Arrochar, still thou art dear,
But it's not for thy burns, tho' they're bright, tho'
they're clear,
And it's not for thy high blooming red heather-bells—
There's a flower blooming there ev'ry other excells.

She's the flower of this bosom—the pride of this heart,
Oh! how lonely I felt when last we did part,
As I gaz'd on that form, so fragile and fair,
And she murmur'd farewell like the breathing of prayer.

And pale grew her cheek, and dim her bright eye,
Her fair virgin bosom was heav'd with a sigh;
But I told her I lov'd her, and swore to my tale:
My heart is my Annie's in Arrochar vale!

Oh! sweet vale of Arrochar! my Annie's thy pride,
Soon, soon I'll return, and make her my bride,
And roam through thy glens, whose charms never fail,
And enjoy my dear Annie in Arrochar vale.

A WALK.

IMITATION OF BLAIR.

Addressed to JAMES THOMSON.

'Twas on a Sabbath morn in sweet April,
I wander'd forth on Fruitfield's pleasant banks ;
A gentle breeze was breathing from the west,
That wav'd the new-sprung verdure 'neath my feet.
Each blade was bowed down, surcharg'd with dew,
As if it blush'd to view the opening day ;
A light grey mist that sat upon the hills
Began to move, and slowly to disperse
Before the rising sun, whose silv'ry rays
Did gild the eastern sky with streaks of light ;
And the blest morn was usher'd in ; while the
Feather'd songsters of the grove pour'd forth
Their joyful orisons, to hail its glad approach.

Ah ! loveliest scene ! How sweetly did it
Corrob'rate with the services of that hallow'd day !
In that bless'd hour it seemed as if
Creation's praise then did ascend in love
To the bright throne of its Creator !
While thus absorb'd in contemplation deep,
I viewed the variegated carpet
On which I stood, where Nature herself
Had been exhausted in the decorating.
I 'spied a little spire of grass—ambitious plant !—
Which had outstripp'd its fellows in growth and
Luxuriance of dress—rearing its slender form,
And with gigantic nod, stood like the monarch
Of that green and verdant valley,
Unconscious of its final end, or of the
Adverse blast that nips the tender blade,
And makes the fragrant hill—the place of their
nativity—
To them a universal sepulchre !
O, thou ambitious plant ! view but the
Little knoll of which thou art the centre.
There, hundreds of thy fellows lie

Huddled in one common grave—the haunt
Of emmets and small worms! Where now
Their dark-green hue, and grassy crowns, adorn'd
With dewy diamonds? They, too, are gone: and
with
Their stems lie mouldering on the heath — their
strength
Supports thy feeble stalk, whose head is now a load
Too heavy to be borne. Thou, too, must die!
And with thy fathers moulder on the heath.
Behold! dear James—it fades!—falls!—dies!
Oh! poor, unhappy plant! 'tis dead for ever!

* * * * *

We, like unto the grass, must fade and die,
Or, like the expiring taper, blink out;
But happy, ah, thrice happy! not for ever.
Our mortal bodies moulder may, and sleep
In silence in the dark and lonesome grave;
But that immortal part—the soul—
When freed from the encumb'ring dust, shall
Wing its way up to the bosom of the
Universal Lord.

A WISH.

Addressed to Miss H——, 1st December, 1857.

WHEN poets address the beautiful—the fair,
They speak of rosy cheek and raven hair—
These, Madam, you possess—to these thou'rt not con-
fin'd :

Thy greatest beauties are the beauties of the mind.
Adorn'd with these, dear maid, they live beyond the
tomb—

They fade not like the gilded things of time—they bloom
Where love shall never die. Oh ! may thy virtuous
thoughts—thy truth

Know no change, but flourish in immortal youth.
Yes ! may these virtues to thy end remain,
And thus thy life be spent, unsullied by a stain.

Oh ! may thy hours of sorrow and of grief be few .
I wish—and this the partner of my bosom wishes, too ;
Yes ! to our little ones, the name of F—— is dear—
Oh ! how they leap for joy to know that thou art here.
Then, may thou visit oft our home and hearth,
And hours of pleasure have—of joy and mirth ;
And when the works of time with thee are o'er,
May blessings wait thee on that other shore—
May thou, in anthems, mingle with the blest,
There find a home, and an eternal rest.

A VISION.

Delivered at one of the Polemical Soirees, 31st January, 1837.

ON Fancy's wing I soar'd o'er mountains high,
Whose tow'ring dark grey summits reach'd the sky,
And I beheld around me in the air,
Vast legions of beings divinely fair.
Each like a goddess, dress'd with golden train ;
They sung, and Heaven resounded back the strain.
Behold ! as each ascend, they louder sing :
Mirth tunes their voice, joy elevates their wing.
Charm'd with their oral melody and song,
Enchanted, paused to view the lovely throng ;
When suddenly—as if my noxious breath
Had filled the air with wickedness and death—
They sigh'd, they groan'd—at once their joys suppress'd,

And, hovering slowly round, they me address'd :
"Thou son of yon low orb, why soar so high ?
Art thou still bent upon iniquity ?
Or was it curiosity alone
That brought thee here in search of worlds unknown ? "
I answer'd not : when came a glorious band
Like summer morn, and took me by the hand :
"Then, come with us, the height of heav'n survey,
And the bright boundaries of this world on high."
Then through the blue ethereal sky we bound—
I was transform'd, and caught the loving sound,
And mingled in the song of thousand hosts,
And dwelt with rapture on those blessed coasts.
For there the sun was never down, but shone
In brightest lustre on that golden throne ;
Methought here could I live for evermore
In bliss and peace upon this happy shore.
Swiftly pass'd away the sweet transition,
I woke, and found this glory all a vision.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ANNIE GRAY.

COME, mournful muse, assist my humble lay,
To write a parting verse on Annie Gray,
Her gentle spirit's fled to yonder skies,
Now 'neath the cold green turf her body lies.

Slow ate the canker worm ! We day by day
With grief did watch her fragile form decay ;
She never murmur'd 'neath the chast'ning rod,
She'd learnt submission to the hand of God.

Belov'd by all she lived—short was her stay,
Death comes, and takes our sweetest flow'rs away,
Short was her smile of truth to mortals given,
Soon pull'd, to bloom among the flow'rs of heaven.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHN MUIR,
JOINER, AIRDRIE,

Who was suffocated by an escape of gas while asleep.

THE hum of day had ceas'd, the night unfurl'd
Her sable mantle o'er a slumb'ring world :
At midnight hour, the messenger of death
Seiz'd his unconscious victim breath by breath—
Inhaling noxious gas, the strong man lies,
The struggle's o'er ! How silent now ! He dies !
None saw the dreadful conflict ; no, nor one
The heaving breast, nor heard the parting groan ;
No father stood, nor anxious mother there
To wipe the cold, damp brow, or breathe a prayer ;
No child to hear his last request ; no wife,
Whose feeling words might soothe amid the strife—

Whose ev'ry look would cheer. No! years had fled
Since she was call'd to slumber with the dead.
Strange end was his! While others slept secure
And found repose—repose in death found Muir!
Death has unnumber'd forms by which men die:
Some perish 'mid the billows tumbling high,
Lov'd ones are there, whose hearts were true and brave—
The sea-birds sing a requiem o'er their grave;—
Some 'mid the bustling camp on fields of fame,
At cannon's mouth have won a deathless name,
With garments bath'd in foeman's blood they fell,
While shouts of vict'ry grac'd their funeral.
Upon the grave the green bay laurel grows,
Where mighty dead and warriors slain repose.
Man worships, thus, the brave, the illustrious dead—
The corse of Muir, too, found an honour'd bed;
Tears as sincere bedew his bed of rest,
Friends softly tread the turf above his breast.
Angels around his grave their vigils keep—
It is an honour'd spot where Christians sleep—
And wreaths of vict'ry theirs fresh evermore,
And brighter crowns are theirs than ever conqueror wore.

LINES ON THE
DEATH OF JANET ANDERSON LANG,
AGED ELEVEN MONTHS,

Who died 17th December, 1857, on board the "Merchant Prince," while going to Australia with her parents.

THEY have left the lov'd home of father and childhood,
The voice of affection would fain bid them stay ;
Their barque to the region of gold is careering
O'er the foam-crested waves on her wide trackless
way.

The emigrant's feelings are many and varied :
Some anxiously long for the yet distant shore—
Some mentally see still the old home and faces,
And sigh for lov'd left ones they ne'er shall see more.

But there's two 'bove all others—sad, care-worn, and
wretched—

Sit watching in sorrow an infant's distress,
Their first child, and only—first link of affection,
Whose agoniz'd suff'rings their bosom oppress.

But a short time, and "Janet" was sportive and playful,
The rose deck'd her cheek, health gladden'd her eye;
The joy of their hearts, their soul's sweetest treasure,
Struck down by disease, now unconscious doth lie.

But a few moments more—yes, all now is over!

She has first found the land of a far brighter shore—
The true land of gold—time dims not its lustre—
Her trials, her troubles, her conflict is o'er.

There's no green grassy mound where her dust lies
entomb'd—

No, nor monument tells where her ashes do sleep;
Her deathbed was rock'd on the proud swelling waves,
There they made her a grave in the vast ocean's deep.

But weep not, bereav'd ones, your child lives above,
She has enter'd her rest free from sorrow and pain ;
When you, like your daughter, cross Jordan's dark
waters,
Safely landed in Canaan, ye'll meet her again.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD,

AGED ELEVEN MONTHS.

FROM earth our little one is gone,
The joy of home and heart,
Oh! when she faded, grief was ours
That words can ne'er impart.

One short-liv'd bloom of health, and when
Her infant beauties spread,
She fell like rosebud from the stem,
To moulder with the dead.

No more we'll hear our lov'd one's voice,
Nor see her heaven-lit eye,
For 'Bella, like Time's loveliest gems,
Bloom'd, liv'd—but bloom'd to die!

But she has found a father's home,
Better than earth could give ;
Yes, Christians, know to sleep, to die,
Is to begin to live.

Then shall we not submissive be,
And kiss the chast'ning rod ;
We know our infant lives and blooms,
A flow'r of Heaven and God !

LINES ON THE
DEATH OF ALEXANDER PATERSON,
AGED THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS.

LIKE blushing morn by storm o'ercast,
Like opening bud nipp'd by the blast,

So fell our lovely boy :

Possess'd of beauties rich and rare,
The light-blue eye, the flaxen hair—

Our heart's pride and our joy !

Those little hands, how stiff and white !
How dim those eyes once clear and bright !

The rosy cheeks, how pale !

How silent now that lisping voice,
Whose accents did our hearts rejoice !

Those feet, how cold and still !

Sincere, affectionate, and kind,
Such qualities were all combin'd

 Within that little breast ;
But God who plac'd those virtues there,
And nurs'd them with a father's care,
 Hath call'd his soul to rest.

Then, let us kiss the chast'ning rod,
And bow submissive to our God,

 Tho' hearts and ties are riven—
Nor murmur for that lovely flow'r
That bloom'd on earth but for an hour,
 'Twill bloom for aye in heaven !

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE

“LET not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

THOS. GRAY.

I COURTED a lassock—a bonnie young creature :

Her hair was as black as the wing o' the crow,
The blink o' her ee was a killer tae me,
Her neck an' her bosom were whiter than snaw.

But an aul' hen I'll mention, watch'd my attention
Tae Jeanie—and fact, I fan out she was chaut—
Ca'd pirns in a garret, had never been married—
I ne'er speer'd her price—sae, I wasna at faut.

She ran through the toon wi' her vile clish-ma-claver :

 ` Hoo shameless bit lassocks they'll face up a man,
While douce queans like her maun sit still an' birr,
 An' ne'er get a chance, let them dae what they can.

Maggie stopped her wheel, an' ca'd in twa-three mae

 Aul' hens like hersel', for tae sketch out a plan ;
After reflection, an' muckle inspection,

 I, Rab, was selected the victim—puir man !

The road I cam hame ev'ry nicht, Maggie kent it,

 As I pass'd, by my side Mag fell wi' a thump :
Some stane took her foot—or fact, she had fainted,
 Sae I, tae get by her, would needed tae jump.

But I said tae mysel' : “ Ye're a man, Rabbie Simson,

 Lift her up in your arms—tak her up tae the garret ;”
Some marks on her face were red like the crimson—
 Ere I left, we twa had agreed tae get married.

That it was a' a trick, I was lang ere I kent it,

 But I ken noo, an' lauch the best way I can ;
Mag's lang been my wife, I've never repented,
 For better ne'er lay in the bosom o' man.

I am, noo, gettin' grey, an' I work at the loom,
An' Maggie sits birrin' awa at the pirns ;
We've siller an' claes, an' our meal-pock's ne'er toom—
We ne'er had a doon-draught in bringin' up bairns.

But at midnight I've visions, an' Jeanie I see :
Her hair is as black, but her bosom is whiter ;
But a wee while gaed by till Jeanie did dee,
An' the blink o' her ee in my dreams seemeth brighter.

My Mag, tae, is deid, an' her pirn wheel's laid by,
An' I've ta'en fareweel o' loom, shuttle, an' pirn ;
I, noo, hing 'bout the grave whar Jeanie does lie—
For I stop juist aside it—an' greet like a bairn.

An' the flow'rs that I set on't, they pity aul' Rab,
As he sits 'mang the grass on the tap o' her grave ;
Here days I put in since I quat loom an' wab,
An' crack wi' my Jeanie when back frae the lave.

I houp shune in the grave wi' my Jeanie tae be,
Awa frae this warl', wi' its strife an' its care ;
Whan my life's wab is out—the thrum-keel o't I see,
Aul' Rab, then, the grave o' puir Jeanie shall share.

ENIGMA ON THE LETTER D.

DEATH these many years hath held me bound,
A prisoner in his darkest hold ;
With David I was ever found,
Fighting battles in days of old.

Behold ! and see me in each passing cloud,
And in the vivid lightning's dart ;
My voice is heard in thunder loud,
When shakes the earth in ev'ry part.

Oh ! unto me no place is given—
No, not into the lowest hell,
Nor is there anywhere in heaven
Nor on the earth where I may dwell.

And as I pass'd, I pass away
As months, and weeks, and years do pass;
And all the tenantry of clay,
Each one did on me breathe their last.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

No mortal can say he is actually blest,
The flow'rs that enchant us, with poison are drest;
Our dreams are delusive, our pleasure a pain,
Like phantoms at midnight that play on the brain;
We grasp at the shadow—but quickly 'tis gone,
In the hope to detain it—to make it our own.
Thus, the eager pursuer of pleasure is foiled—
A sport to his vision, by fancy beguiled.

JAMES AND MARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

METHOUGHT I stray'd along a path

Adorn'd with Nature's choicest flow'rs ;

The eglantine and suckle sweet,

Thatch'd on each side the rosy bow'rs.

And knarl'd oaks, with outspread arms,

Embrac'd each other o'er my head ;

And humming bees, on lightest wing,

Suck'd honey from the flow'ry bed.

The balmy air, with thyme perfum'd,

Was wafted there on breathings low ;

Attracted by such beauties rare,

I onward through the grove did go.

Then, Cupid's voice I heard aloud,
 Resounding through the sky above,
And in sweet sounds he me address'd :

 "The path thou tread'st, young man, is love."

But still in louder strains he spoke,
 In voice majestic as a Jove :
"Young man," he said, "the path thou tread'st
 Leads to a spot where all is love."

Then I beheld a spot so fair,
 With ivy-mantled tow'ring pines,
Where hazels grey, and spreading birks,
 And cedars tall, and fruitful vines

In concert grew, by love refresh'd,
 With golden crowns rais'd to the skies ;
And the wild cushat's am'rous notes
 Re-echo'd through this paradise.

My mind o'erwhelm'd, I sat me down
 Beneath a cooling cyprus' shade,
To view with awe the lovely scene
 That this delightful grove display'd.

A fair angelic bird I 'spied,
Perch'd on a bough, with golden crest,
With plumage like the rays of light,
Like setting sun appear'd her breast.

She fledg'd her wings of golden hue,
And hopp'd with grace from bough to bough;
In full harmonic strains I heard
The notes of love divinely flow.

And further through the grove I 'spied
Her mate, as elegantly dress'd,
He seem'd as if o'erwhelm'd in love—
A dart stuck quivering in his breast.

It was from Cupid's bough on high
The swift unerring arrow came,
And thus his bosom heav'd with love,
For this bright, fair angelic dame.

To her he came on swiftest wing,
And of hymeneal bliss he sung,
His notes resounded through the grove,
The distant hills with music rung.

But suddenly the music ceas'd,
The hills did shake, the trees did moan ;
The sun grew dark, the winds did howl—
This grove sent forth a dying groan.

And distant thunder peal'd aloud,
A fiend then came from hell's empire,
A flame proceeding from his mouth
Like to the wild volcano's fire.

The stags did bound forth from the grove,
The eagles up on high did scream ;
His breath, like lightning, flash'd athwart
The grove, with noxious brimstone gleam.

This loving pair thus parted were,
No more—no, never more to meet ;
'Tis thus our brightest, fairest scenes
Oft fade, through falsehood and deceit.

“THE HALF-GILL STOUP,”

alias

“WEE DONAL’”

THERE’S a wee aul’-farrant gentleman, nae bigger than
your haun,

He differs frae the maist o’ men—when fou he best can
staun ;

Yes, when he’s fou up tae the brim,
’Tis then his friends a’ welcome him.

He’s a government official—the stamp’s upon his croon,
By law licens’d tae kill an’ rob through kintra an’ in
toon ;

There’s nane can tell correctly his age, birthplace, nor
hame,

But we think he's frae the Hielan's—he's Hielan' by
his name.

Men talk o' Wizard o' the North, possess'd o' magic
pow'r—

This dwarfish gent mae tricks performs sometimes in
half-an-hour

Than a' the wizards e'er were born, combin'd did in their
life :

He maks the blushin' virgin bride become a drucken
wife—

Transforms the tender-hearted one into a savage wild—

Maks the mither tae imbrue her hauns in the heart's-
bluid o' her child ;

He fills the happiest, cheeriest hame wi' sorrow, care,
an' gloom,

An' flow'rs o' fairest promise he lays in early tomb ;

He'll change the doatin' faither's heart till harder far
than steel,

That he forgets his starvin' weans, an' faithfu' wife's
appeal ;

He kills his thousan's ten in manhood's beauteous prime,

An' fills the convict prison cells wi' victims steep'd in
crime.

Sic magic pow'r this imp can wield against a' human
weal,

'Tis rather mair than hinted he's related tae the deil ;
Yet, strange it is tae tell, for a' the ills he's dune tae man,
The high, the low, the rich, the puir, still tak him by the
haun.

Yes, when he's fou up tae the brim,

'Tis then his friends a' welcome him.

Some say that sune will come the days

When nane wee Donal's lid will raise—

Then, tho' he staun fou tae the brim,

He'll no get yin tae welcome him.

JOCK'S VISION OF "THE RIFLES" ON THE
AIRDRIE RACE-COURSE.

It was at that hour when the labourer ceaseth from his toil. The dying sun of a June day still reclined in peace and beauty in the far west—his beams tinging wood, hill, flower, shrub, and tree with a golden hue. The evening birds sang their requiem to departing day. It had been one of June's loveliest days. The bird, the bee, and the butterfly had each been on their lightest wing; the lowing herds now reposed up amid the hills and the green pasture. All was peace and beauty! But around the *Grand Stand* the din of arms was heard, and the

sound as of the mustering of a great army. And so it was. It was the Rifle Corps turned out to drill. "How proud they look!—how noble, and how free!" They had gone through their evolutions in an unwonted grand style, and a smile of self-satisfaction played on every warrior's countenance. Oh! ye brave band of untried heroes! And bayonets, swords, and muskets, glittered in the evening sun-lit. Grey-haired fathers stood and looked on, and inwardly smiled at the martial bearing of their sons, who were pacing the grass of the Race-Course, behind the moustache, whiskers, and imperial. Oh! how their young and ardent spirits caused their bosoms to swell and heave, as they thought of an engagement with the enemy!—as they strolled, how they speak of their own and the daring deeds of their fathers! Yes, O, yes—"They long'd to follow to the field some warlike lord!" "How proud they look!—how noble, and how free!" "Ye are the things that tower—that shine; whose smile makes glad—whose frown is terrible." Well may the prayers of aged mothers for their safety be wafted on the evening breeze, as they conjure up to their own imaginations all the horrors and bloody carnage of a battle-

field, in which so many brave youths may, ere long, mingle, fight, bleed, and die—and maidens' sighs, too, fall, like angels' whispers, around the footsteps of those martial youths. Heroic band! whose names are now enrolled among the sons of the brave!—how apt is man to ape the truly glorious, “and play at sodgers!” An inaudible whisper passeth from rank to rank—one awful sentence, though short: “The French are come!” Each brave soldier is now seized with dismay!!! A suspension of breath ensues, and looks of fear. The man in command observes the change. Commanding the Serjeant, who calls “Attention!”—“But it is no go.” At length, the Doctor divines the cause, states the disease to be “palpitation of the heart,” &c. “Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly”—“Hookit, chaps, and fly,” “their watchword and reply.” The sound as of a foreign trumpet to the east is heard, as from the top of Airdrie-hill—so long, so loud. 'Twas as the bellowing of a bull in wrath. It was enough. The terror-stricken ranks quaked and reeled. “'Tention” was again and again given—“Eyes right!”—“Eyes left!” But no—it was all up. One simultaneous rush!—as the deadly simoom

sweeps the sandy desert, so swept this brave and gallant band the Airdrie Race Course. The Aul' Biggar Road soon became gorged—soldier upon soldier, warrior upon warrior—till one vast heap was formed at the Aul' Toll. Oh! what a band of heroes!—how they lie, one on top of other! How vast!!! Bakers, barbers, grey-paper clerks, swords, guns, belts, counter-loupers! Oh! what a mass of living and dead material! 'Tis no inglorious heap; no, 'tis a mound of immortal ones, who had dressed, drilled, and volunteered to defend their country, and who would be as a rock of defence in the hour of danger; and whose deeds and names shall go down to latest times. But there they lie—that is a glorious resting-place!

* * * * *

Jock has discovered that the strange trumpet heard by the terror-stricken corps, was neither more nor less than Rawyards' Prize Bull!!!

We are not responsible for Jock's vision, as he is

troubled with lunacy, and oft sees what never had existence.

SERJEANT GLUNDIE'S REFLECTIONS ON THE FLIGHT,
AFTER GETTING HOME.

Noo that I'm hame, the doors a' sneckit,
By my ain fire an' aff my feckit,
I'm the greatest chuckie e'er was cleckit,
I really think;
But better couldna be expectit—
Lass, bring a drink.

An' bring a towel—rub me doon,
I'm sweatin' owre the very croon;
Gudeness, but this'll raise a soun'
Past a' thinkin',
Or ere the morn it's through the toon
Like haun-bell clinkin'.

The deevil tak the Rifle Corps—

I'll no daur gang, noo, tae the door ;

I ne'er was sae disgrac'd afore

In a' my life ;

An' then tae thole the taunts, "by Gor,"

O' yin's ain wife.

She'll sit an' say—the honest woman—

She'd lauch tae see the Frenchmen comin'—

Tae see the Rifles get a thum'in',

We're fear't for steel,

'Twould tak nae ordinar' trump tae summon

Us tae the fiel'.

She tells me, tae, that butterflees

Are shure tae dee 'mang snaw an' freeze,

An' that the drones 'mang workin' bees

Hae little chance,

An' that my tallow yet may grease

A Frenchman's lance.

Her words gang tae my very liver,

I whiles juist shut my een an' shiver ;

She brags hoo quick the French can sever

Your heid an' neck,

An' houns they'll shune be here, an' clever,
Tae try a spec.

We're no the game, it's very true,
Tae think we skirted for the "moo,"
But 'twas a bull an' no a cow,
That's some relief;
I houp that everybody, noo,
Will eat bull beef.

Oh! that the bull his throat had cuttit,
Or Will, the flesher, had him guttit,
Or in the byre Rawyards had shut it,
An' tied his binnin'—
The Biggar Road would ne'er been gluttit
Wi' Rifles rinnin'.

I min' that nicht I gat my claes,
Then every mouth was fill'd wi' praise,
I gat a great frac a an' fraise
When I cam hame;
But noo, I've gotten't owre the taes,
Disgrace an' shame.

Yes, tho' the corps gangs tae the deil,
I'll never mair turn out tae drill;
Wha likes may learn tae march an' wheel—
An' for my claithin',
I'll compliment them tae some chiel
This nicht for naething.

A POET'S FAREWEEL TAE HIS AUL' SHOON.

FAREWEEL, a last fareweel, aul' shoon !
It's noo self-evident you're dune ;
I ne'er had shoon o' better leather—
For four lang years we've been thegither.
That day when first we took the road,
For ance I thocht mysel' weel shod ;
For firmness, neatness—everything,
Ye were a pair micht sair'd a king.
Ye never fir'd nor wat my feet,
In simmer's drouth, nor winter's weet ;
Be't frost or thow, I didna care,
When I was shod wi' sic a pair.
Ay, monie a mile we've trail'd thegither,
But noo, aul' shoon, we pairt for ever !

If I thocht ony snab could clout ye,
I wadna gang a stap without ye.
Some, aul' an' faithfu' servants spurn,
Disown them—when they've sair'd their turn;
But I'm no that way, my aul' shoon—
I'm like tae greet tae see ye're dune,
An' I've mair reasons for't than yin.

O what a wreck sin' days I'm min'in',
When ye were new, weel-brush'd, an' shinin':
There's no yae tacket in your soles,
Your uppers bursted, fu' o' holes,
Ye've neither tongue, nor heel, nor tae—
Ye scarce may get the name o' shae.
But, my aul' shoon, I'll no deride ye:
I'll houk a hole mysel' tae hide ye,
An' visit aft that sacred spot
Where your in-sole an' walts do rot—
Revere this spot while it retains
Yae atom o' your last remains.
But, noo, as ill-sewed in-seams sever,
We pairt, aul' shoon, fareweel for ever!

EPISTLE TAE DAVIE, "MOFFAT BARD."

MY kindest thanks I send you, Davie,
My muse—the pest!—she's had the spavie;
Yes, spavied clean in a' her feet,
I'm whiles sae wae, I'm like tae greet;
Though I should scraigh till I am hairse,
I scarcely, noo, can lilt a verse.
While ithers mount Parnassus hill,
For me, I'm at the bottom still;
Ye sing o' poets locin' ither—
Yes, every poet is a brither.
For you, aul' frien', "The Moffat Bard,"
Ye hae my soul's sincere regard;
May your Pegasus never fail—
I wish you health an' guid thick kail;

An' lang as bonnie Calder flows,
May you, dear frien', ne'er want your brose.
An' when frae Earth's roun' ba' ye glide,
May your remains sleep by its side :
Whar Nature's richest wild flowers bloom,
Whar brier an' rose shed their perfume,
A sacred incense, o'er your tomb.

It's strange, noo, how my muse she'll turn,
Camstrarie pest, tae Bannockburn ;
Yes, a' at ance, she strikes a truce,
Reverts tae Wallace an' The Bruce.
When you brought up these names afore me,
A flood o' bygane deeds cam o'er me,
An' made me proud o' Scotlan's weans,
Tae ken sic bluid rins in our veins,
Frae sires wha fell in freedom's fight,
Opposed by tyranny an' might ;
Whase bluid was shed, Scotlan' tae free,
An' rais'd her name owre lan' an' sea—
The Queen, the lan' o' Liberty !

An' though I wadna tout your horn,
I'm proud, dear frien', you're Scotlan' born,
An' gifted wi' poetic fire,
An' skill'd tae strike aul' Scotlan's lyre.
Sing on your sangs in hamely lays,
An' tune the lyre tae Scotlan's praise—
Her heather hills, her freeborn men,
An' muirlan's wild, an' hazel glen ;
Her haunted howes, her fairy raids,
Her roarin' linns, an' wild cascades.
Yes, sing—sing on, though faes look glum—
Sing, as ye've dune, " That Simmer's Come."
Noo, some time when you're real in tune,
I houp, dear frien', you'll write me shune ;
But I maun stop, my paper's dune.

Yours affectionately, WM. M'HUTCHESON.

EPITAPH ON A—— M——.

MOURN, wimplin' burn, ayont Whitehill,
An' a' ye trees 'bout Gallowhill ;
Ye birds, let grief your bosom fill,
An' hing your heid ;
Ye quiverin' leaves, ilk ane be still—
Aul' Sawnie's deid !

Mourn, sooty blackbird, i' the wud,
Mourn, speckled laverock, i' the clud,
An' bickerin' maukin hing your fud
Like lump o' lead ;
Mourn e'en ye vermin 'mang the mud—
Aul' Sawnie's deid !

An', oh, ye paupers, tear your hair,
The puir man's frien' ye'll ne'er see mair;
Weel may you hunger'd hearts be sair

Ilk time ye feed;

But, noo, he'll wi' his namesake fare—

Aul' Sawnie's deid!

Nae mair at Board ye'll see his face—

Some ither yin maun fill his place;

Ye ken, he ne'er had spark o' grace

In heart or heid.

But wheesht—speak loun—he's run his race—

Aul' Sawnie's deid!

AN ADDRESS TO THE LIEGES OF OLD
RENFREW.

ARISE! ye leal-hearted, ye sons of the bold!
Your fathers arose 'mid the dangers of old;
We still have our Boyds and our Smiths, as of yore,
Who will honour Renfrew Rifle Corps.

'Tis from Blythswood hall our brave Campbells will come,
At sound of the bugle, or roll of the drum;
From Elderslie mansion, our warm-hearted Spiers—
Then muster, ye Renfrew Volunteers!

Let the Despot of France and the Frenchmen know
We have still hearts and hands for field or for foe;
Let us swear to defend old Scotia's shore—
Then, to arms, and join the Renfrew Corps!

By the deeds of your fathers—the blood that was shed—
By the fields where repose our illustrious dead,
Let us rise to dispel our lov'd country's fears—
Then muster, ye Renfrew Volunteers !

WEE TAMMIE.

I'M a young lass, juist seventeen,
Wi' monie a strappin' lad I've been,
But nane I e'er thocht worth a preen,
But my wee Tammie.

Oh, if ye saw him at his wark,
Aye strippit tae the breeks an' sark,
Aye whistlin' like the cheery lark,
My ain wee Tammie.

I had yae lad was sax-feet-twa,
I aye was frichtit he would fa'—
Sae lang, he wouldna fit ava',
Like my wee Tammie.

My Tammie's height is five-feet-yin,
Like rose his cheek, like snaw his skin;
An' then he's sterlin' a' within,
My ain wee Tammie.

His height tae me appears a trifle—
Fact, Tammie's, noo, become a "Rifle;"
'Twill tak a sturdy foe tae stifle
My ain wee Tammie.

He's brave as ony, tho' he's wee,
He winna frae a foeman flee;
He's thorough-bred—he'd rather dee,
My ain wee Tammie.

Some spak o' drummer, some o' fugler,
Some thocht tae mak wee Tammie bugler;
I would rather seen them cut the jug'lar
O' my wee Tammie.

I've bloomer, hoops, and paletto—
Whate'er is fashionable can show;
But a' sic braws I would forego
For my wee Tammie.

Whan we are yin, an' blest wi' weans,
I'll be repaid for a' my pains,
Tae ken the bluid rins in their veins
O' my wee Tammie.

DOSS JEANIE M'LEAN.

SOME praise the lasses, say they're angels an' mair,
But the kin' that they speak o', I doubt they're rare,
Yet, maybe I'm wrang, for in truth I ken yin
Micht pass for an angel—ca'd Jeanie M'Lean.

When bairns at the schule, we aye sat in yae neuk,
An' we read a' our lessons on the same beuk;
Wharever I wanner'd I ne'er gaed my lane—
Aye close by my side toddled Jeanie M'Lean.

Ay! an' monie a nicht thegither we've ran,
Since we twa grew up tae be woman an' man;
That saul would be cauldride, an' deid as a stane,
Could ken without likin' wee Jeanie M'Lean.

She's nane o' your buckrum an' starch penny dalls,
Wi' the bloomer an' hoops, an' sic fall-der-alls;
For the shortgown an' coat, or something as plain,
Maks her look like a queen—doss Jeanie M'Lean.

I've loed her sae lang, she's like pairt o' mysel',
My tongue nor my pen hoo I loe her can tell;
For I ken weel enough her heart's a' my ain,
But I gied her mine for't—doss Jeanie M'Lean.

Some chiels, when in love, crack on about deein',
But I've as muckle intention o' fleein';
I'll hae for a wife her I kent sin' a wean,
An' that is nae ither than Jeanie M'Lean.

Ay! what's been lang leukit for has come at last—
I've gotten my courtin', an' weddin'-day past;
I've gotten a wiffie, an' house o' my ain—
Ye may guess wha she is—doss Jeanie M'Lean.

O, if ye but saw her tosh'd aff wi' the mutch,
The doss wee bit creature, she's juist a “none such;”
She's an honour tae me, an' a' the gate-en',
She's a credit tae woman—Jeanie M'Lean.

THE "'TISER."

A SONG.

Tune—"Castles in the Air."

YAE mornin', caul' wi' sleet an' rain,
I met gaun yont the street,
A wee, barefitit laddie,
Gaun splungin' through the weet.
The bitter blast was howlin' loud,
I stood tae let him by;
Wi' shakin' voice he sabbit out—
"The 'Tiser' wull ye buy?"

I fan' my pouch, an' yin I boucht,
Through pity tae the bairn,
Wha, whan rinnin', on the plainstanes
Had fa'n, an' hurt his stern.
His breeks were torn, his leg was peel'd,
The arm was hurt forbye
That he held his ragged waistcoat wi',
Tae keep the "'Tisers" dry.

It maybe taks the "laddie dodge"
Tae mak the papers pay,
But drap it through caul' winter's storm,
Tae warmer days o' May.
For monie a feelin' heart is sair
Tae hear the scores wha cry
At doors sae shune, 'mang snaw an' sleet,
"The "'Tiser' wull ye buy?"

I took him tae a baker's door—
The only yin was licht—
An' boucht him twa new bakit scones,
That shune were out o' sicht.

I clapp'd his heid, an' left him there,
But aye I heard him cry
Tae ev'ry ane that pass'd him by—
“The ‘Tiser’ wull ye buy?”

There's noo the sang 'bout “Drunkard's Wean,”
An' “The Weaver's Starvin' Bairn,”
Whase ev'ry woe an' want's in print,
That ilka yin may learn.
An' whan ye drap a tear for them,
Or heave the heart-felt sigh,
Min' the wee, barefitit laddie,
Sabbin'—“‘Tisers’ wull ye buy?”

RABBIE PATON'S COW.

WHa didna ken Rabbie Paton
 Couldna ken aul' Rabbie's cow,
Was a maist sagacious creature,
 Kent quite weel whan Rab got fou.
Hame cam Rab yae nicht as usual,
 No deid drunk, but juist enough;
On his way to "Stan'-the-lane-o't,"
 Fell three times intae a shuagh.

That nicht, crummie loudly rowted—
 Lonely rowted in the byre;
Rabbie, like a very maniac,
 Sat an' curs'd her by the fire.

But if Rabbie had been sober,
Crummie's cries his heart would broke—
Would hae kent ilk roar as plainly
As if crummie words had spoke.

Lost on Rab was crummie's lecture,
Her complaint was wasted win';
Aff the chair was Rabbie tumbled,
Snorin' loudly on the groun'.

Fainter, noo, for help she's rowtin',
Pity crummie wanted speech;
Rab her baikie fou had heapit—
Drunk—had set it out her reach.

Days she suffer'd sheer starvation—
Starv'd, while plenty near her stood;
Fell, at last, a drunkard's victim—
Deid—puir beast!—for want o' food.
Mornin' cam—a glorious mornin'!—
Gane was better half o' day;
The doug nicht bark, hens nicht cackle—
Snorin' soun', still Rabbie lay.

Rabbie wauken'd; on his bottom,
Shiv'rin', roun' the house did stare;
Wonner'd what strange bed he'd lain in,
Foun' the bed was his ain floor.
There were chairs an' tables coupit,
Caul' an' black-out was the fire;
Wi' a heart an' heid baith splittin',
Ran, puir wretch, tae crummie's byre.

There he saw puir crummie lyin'—
Lyin' stark an' stiff in death;
Sae o'ercome was Rabbie Paton,
That he stood an' gasp'd for breath.
Are ye deid, sagacious crummie?
My only, my hale support;
Your baikie's fou, yet never tasted—
I've mysel' tae blame a' for't.

That's the upshot o' my drinkin':
Empty byre—noo Rabbie's puir;
Here I swear, on soul an' conscience,
I will ne'er taste whisky mair.

Rabbie's pledg'd, an' keeps it manfu',
For drink, noo, Rab has nae desire;
Rab has siller, noo, in gowpens,
Three guid kye in crummie's byre.

THE CLASH.

THE ither nicht, at Airdrie Cross,
A worthy pair stood cleckin',
Juist whar the doctor's bottles shine,
Nae list'ner there suspeckin':
'Twas clashin' Kate, frae Chapel Street,
An' Nannie, frae the Common,
Against the grocers o' our toon
The twa wi' rage were foamin'
In wrath that nicht.

"Aul' Grumphy's shop's noo maistly toom,
Ilk thing he sell't was stinkin';
But Grumph he'll no fash Airdrie lang—
They're baith gi'en sair tae drinkin'."

“Tae see’t shut up,” quo’ clashin’ Kate,
“This while, I’ve been expeckin’;
But Will’s shop’s fu’, cramm’d tae the laft,
An’s thrang some swine disseckin’,
For hams, this nicht.”

“I wonner whar he’s got the cash,”
“But thrice he’s set the barrow;
For dress, his wife, owre a’ the toon,
Ye’ll scarcely fin’ her marrow:
Her hoops are twenty feet about,
Her trowsers trimm’d wi’ sewin’,
Sic dauds o’ lace—her fall-der-alls
Would set yin tae the spuein’,
On ony nicht.

“If there’s a spree in a’ the toon,
She’s there, in satin sailin’,
Wi’ a’ her pack alang wi’ her—
That shows what’s made by failin’.
Ay! every noo-an’-then they’re doon,
Ilk time in twa-three hunner;

Syne pay't wi' tenpence for the pound—

Sae, Nan, that solves the wonner

Ye had the nicht.

“ But were't some puir, hard-workin' man

Fa'n ahin a pound or twa,

They'd lay the tawse tae him in style,

Roup him out house an' ha'.

Thae failin' kin's the very warst

Tae them wha may be awn them ;

Whan they come doon, the cheatin' set,

Nae mercy should be shown them,

'Twould sair them richt.

“ There's cheepin', cheat'em doon the gate,

Wha ca's on folk whan deein',

Wha wears a face as lang's your arm—

Juist watch him whan he's weighin'.

He taks his finger, paps the scale—

It's a reg'lar dodge, yon caper ;

Afore you see the thing ye've boucht,

He's rowin't up in paper.

‘ Ought else the nicht ? ’

“ ’Twould tak some sacks o’ meal tae stap
The monie mouths that’s tellin’t—
Hoo he buys up the beggar’s pocks,
For ‘ Embro’ best ’ he’s sellin’t.”
“ My faith,” quo’ Nan, “ the folk should rise,
An’ try some means tae gruppit ;
The man wha would sell siccan stuff
Should at the cross be whuppit
This very nicht,”

“ Guid nicht, the noo, we’ve clatter’d lang,
I’ve muckle mair tae tell ye ;
Ye ken yoursel’, Nan, if I’m late,
Losh, our gudeman nicht fell me ;
But shune we’ll meet, tho’ on the street,
An’ tell our min’s tae ither ;
I’m hafflins pleas’d my mind’s sae eas’d—
Gude nicht ; we’ll shune forgather ;
Aweel, guid nicht.

SONG IN REMEMBRANCE OF AN ELECTION.

“GUDESAKE! gudeman—dae ye ken what ye’re daein’?

It’s mornin’—near three—an’ ye’re kickin’ the door.

Dae ye hear me, gudeman? Dae ye ken what I’m sayin’?

The like o’ this—bless me!—I ne’er saw afore!

“Tae the hale toon a credit—by ilk ane respeckit—

Noo drunk, pale, speechless, an’ haudin’ the wa’;

An’ then, like a blackguard, your ain door ye’ve kickit—

See, come in; here the door; tak care an’ no fa’.

“That’s your votin’, free-tables—your champagne an’
brandy,

Ca’d roun’ like caul’ water—nae wonner ye’re fou;

That’s a bonnet ye’ve on!—I declare, ye’re a dandy;

There’s some loo-warm water, it will help ye tae spue.

“Hoo the deil cam ye hame?—were ye hurl’d or carriet?

But I needna speer, it’s no likely ye’ll min’;

If I’m langer your wife, there’ll no be nae mair o’t,”—

“Oh! haud your tongue, lassock—I’m sick; bring
the boyne!”

“Your claes are a’ dirt—that’s proof o’ your fa’in’—

Your gaein’ tae the inn, wi’ your gentlemen fine;

There’s no an hour passes, but there’s some o’ them
‘ca’in’”—

“Oh, I’m no yae grain better; oh, rin, toom the boyne!

“Oh, I’m no yae grain better! Oh, lassock, dear! Och!”

“Gudeman, it’s a pity ye e’er was a laird;”

“But my min’s made up noo—I’ll no vote for Loch;

If I’m spar’d tae Fairsday, I’ll vote for James B--.”

“Wull ye no try your tea?” “I’ve had supper already,

Altho’ that the boyne the best share o’t has got;

Tak aff my shoon; bring my cowl, like a led dy,

An’ juist slip your haun in the tail o’ my coat!”

“ I’ll, noo, buy a gran’ dress befittin’ my station,
An’ you’ll get ilk thing becomin’ a laird ;
Ye’ll no fin’ B—d’s equal, tho’ search the hale nation—
If your yae vote were fifty, I’d gie them tae B—d ! ”

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
AT BALAKLAVA.

PARODY.

HALF a meal; half a meal;
Half a meal. Onward!
All in the valley of Death,
More than six hundred!
“Bread” was the children’s cry;
Theirs not to reason why—
Theirs not to make reply—
Theirs but to work or die;
Into the valley of Death,
More than six hundred!

Starvation right of them—

Starvation left of them—

Starvation front of them.

Mock'd at, and hunger'd,

Storm'd at by Fop and Swell,

Boldly they toiled, and well ;

Into the jaws of death—

Into the mouth of hell,

More than six hundred !

Though that their backs are bare,

Expos'd to wet and air ;

Their hearts oppress'd with care,

Working this army. While

All the world wonder'd.

Plung'd in a pit's dark smoke,

Bound in a factory's yoke,

Or strong, with the hammer's stroke,

Making a quarry reel

Shaken and sunder'd.

Ah ! none of those rode back—

Ten-times six hundred !

Starvation right of them—

Starvation left of them—

Starvation all round them.

Mock'd at, and hunger'd,

Storm'd at by Fop and Swell,

They who had toil'd so well—

Wrought in the jaws of death—

Ne'er shall come back again ;

Down in the mouth of hell,

Not one was left of them—

Ten-times six hundred !

Honour such brave and bold,

Yet shall their tale be told—

Yes, when our babes are old,

How they toiled onward !

A GUID NEW YEAR.

THOUGH, noo, this year is wearin' dune,
If spar'd, we'll see anither sune ;
And though we mayna dae't in beer,
We would wish some A Guid New Year.

A' ye wha are o' high estate,
Wha aye 'mang men are reckon'd great,
Wha gie tae poverty a tear,
We wish ye a' A Guid New Year.

An' ye wha help tae lift the fa'n,
At a' times ready wi' your han',
Wha ne'er at suff'rin' anes did jeer,
We wish ye, tae, A Guid New Year.

Blest be your basket and your store,
May ye yet gie an' hae tae fore,
Ye'll be paid back, ye needna fear—
Repaid for't in A Guid New Year.

But him wha would oppress the puir,
And on their shouthers laden mair,
Tae him, though he may think it queer,
We wouldna wish A Guid New Year.

But tyrants juist fill up their cup—
Oppressors a' will sorrow sup—
Though whiles they dinna get it here,
They'll ne'er enjoy A Guid New Year.

And, O, ye bairnies at the schules,
Ye'll maybe laugh, an' ca' us fules;
Your jocund laugh our hearts oft cheer,
We wish ye, tae, A Guid New Year.

Keep at the schule, an' learn tae read,
Get wisdom baith in heart an' heid;
Then, when ye're ca'd frae earth's fause sphere,
Ye'll enter on A Guid New Year.

And ye wha toil in poortith's way,
Whase lives ne'er kent yae cheerin' ray;
May change o' fortune sune appear,
Commencin' wi' the comin' year.

An' still hae houp, keep up your heart,
Though noo wi' monie a grief ye smart,
Ye yet may safely through them steer
Your way, when comes A Guid New Year.

We a' cam frae yae common mither,
We, therefore, should loe yin anither;
We're brithers a', it's very clear,
We wish, then, a' A Guid New Year.

May fortune guid on a' sune smile,
And happy sons possess our isle;
Curs'd class distinctions disappear,
And man wish man A Guid New Year.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR,

1860.

ANOTHER year is past, another year is gone,
Nearer a year the Judgment, Judge, and Throne—
Nearer the weal, nearer the woe,
Of saints complete in bliss, and sinners' overthrow !

Another year is past, another year is flown,
One other step man's nearer to be gone—
Nearer to dust, nearer to gloom,
Loathsome corruption, to the silence of the tomb !

Another year is past, another year is come,
One other step the sinner's nearer doom—
Nearer to pains, and that abyss
Of never-ending woe, without one ray of bliss !

Another year is past, another year is come,
One other step the Christian's nearer home—
Nearer his crown, nearer his prize,
To treasures undefil'd unfading in the skies !

Sinners ! before another day is past and gone,
Embrace a Saviour's love, 'tis there alone
You'll find eternal peace and rest,
No years, no changing seasons, change Jesus' breast !

LINES ON TAKING FAREWELL OF A
FRIEND.

AND has the hour arriv'd that we must part,
Then, Jeanie, know where'er thy lot be cast,
Thy name shall be rever'd within our heart,
And all the sweet endearments of the past.
We'll oft thy rosy cheek, in Fancy's hour,
Thy graceful form and winning smile behold ;
May thou ne'er know Adversity's sad pow'r,
Nor ever feel warm, loving hearts grow cold.
Then, fare-thee-well ! may happiness attend,
And Fortune's fairest, rarest gifts be thine ;
This is the wish of Mac., your humble friend,
In which I'm join'd by all that's called mine.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Suggested by seeing a piece of an oak which had been felled
in Drumpellier Wood by lightning, while there existed on
one of its branches a Chaffinch's nest with young.

ON a giant oak, whose outspread branches hung
Across a silvery stream, a loving pair
Had built, had hatch'd, and now were blest with young,
Their tender brood, their happiness, their care.

Secure they were, they thought, from pilfering hand,
Nor dreamt of other harm—love, hope, and joy,
Alone within their leafy home would stand—
They lov'd, they sang of love—all their employ.

But, ah! one day dark clouds obscur'd the sky,
All night, dread thunders shook the trembling wood;
At morn, that oak was low which tower'd so high,
The silvery stream was swollen to a flood.

That loving pair now mourn in deepest woe,
Their hope, their joy is gone, with grief oppress'd
They view the torrent raging far below,
Their young ones struggling on its foaming breast.

Sad change ! Ye birds, ye thought secure ye stood,
Ye sung your songs of love but yesterday ;
Disconsolate now, ye mourn your absent brood,
Your green and leafy home—all swept away !

'Tis common fare ; so is it thus with man—
He, too, dreams, loves, and lives in fancied bliss,
Till o'er his sky serene dire desolations span,
Entombing hope and joy in sorrow and distress.

AN ADDRESS TO PROVOST FORRESTER,
AND
PATRICK RANKIN, ESQ. OF AUCHENGRAY
AND OTTER.

ACCEPT, tried patrons of the public weal,
The proffer'd thanks, though of a working chiel;
'Tis only they who hourly toiling sweat,
Who can, will most your gifts appreciate.
Your gifts are boons conferr'd, nor pen, nor tongue
Can tell their worth to all, to aged, young.

See, at the fount, the reeking rustic stand,
Quaffing the precious draught, free as from Nature's
hand;

And travellers there recruit their wearied frames,
There, very children bless the donors' names.
For, see yon youthful band, from emptying school,
Run to the founts, their thirsty throats to cool;
Thanks to the gen'rous givers, loud they cry,
While gratitude beams bright in every eye.
There, dogs refresh'd, bark loudly a response,
Who would not thank you, sirs, must be a dunce.
Accept my thanks, though of the kind they be,
For giving us these water-fountains free.

May gas and water companies combine,
To make the founts to flow, with light to shine--
With light as bright as Fancy's star of hope,
With cooling water, clear as crystal drop.
When, for a public good, they'll soon agree,
We'll have the founts, with gas and water free;
We'll then, with tender'd thanks, most happy be
To drink the donors' healths in three-times-three
Of water pure, preferr'd to barley-bree.

MARION: A LAMENT.

Tune—"The Last Rose of Summer."

Oh! have ye seen my Marion,

She's fair as the morn;

Her cheeks are like the roses

That the wild-briers adorn;

She has fled from my bosom,

And stray'd from her home

With a stranger, and left me

Despairing to roam.

Noo, the time passes slowly,

An hour seems a day,

And to me there's no pleasure

Since Marion's away.

The scenes that once charm'd me
Are mantled in woe,
And fast from my weary eyes
The bitter tears flow.

Lovely spring is returning,
The fields to renew,
In their lovely green verdure
And glistening dew ;
But, alas ! I am weary,
I'm doom'd for to mourn,
For my lovely young Marion
Shall never return.



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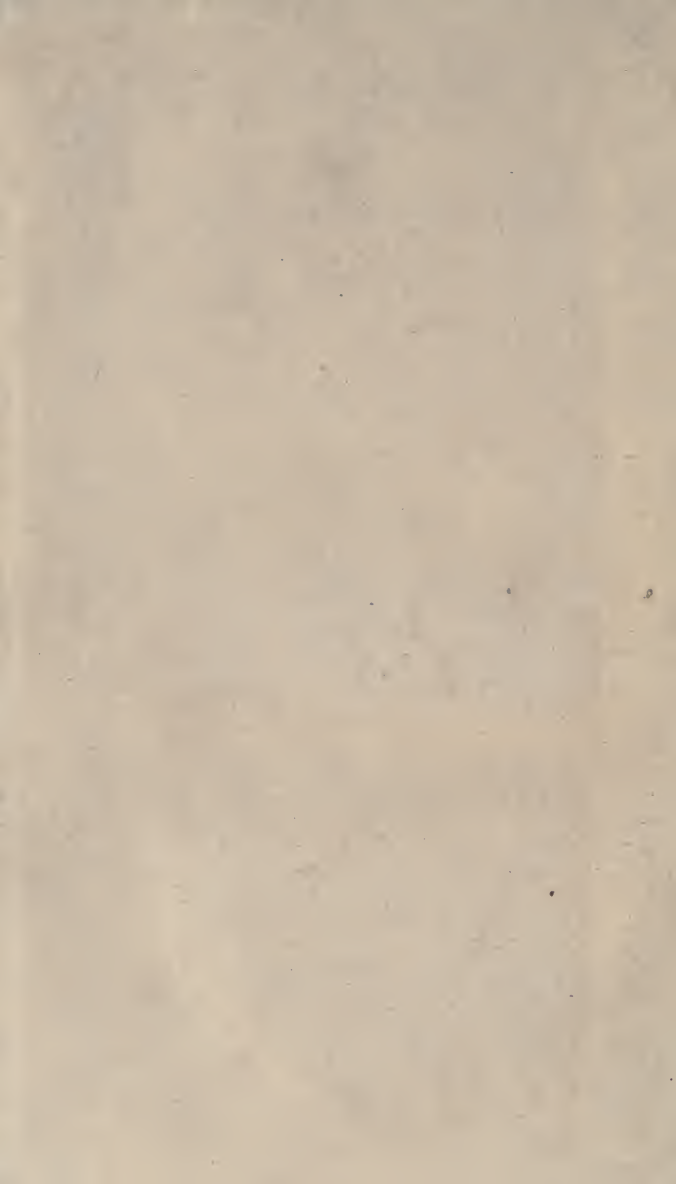
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